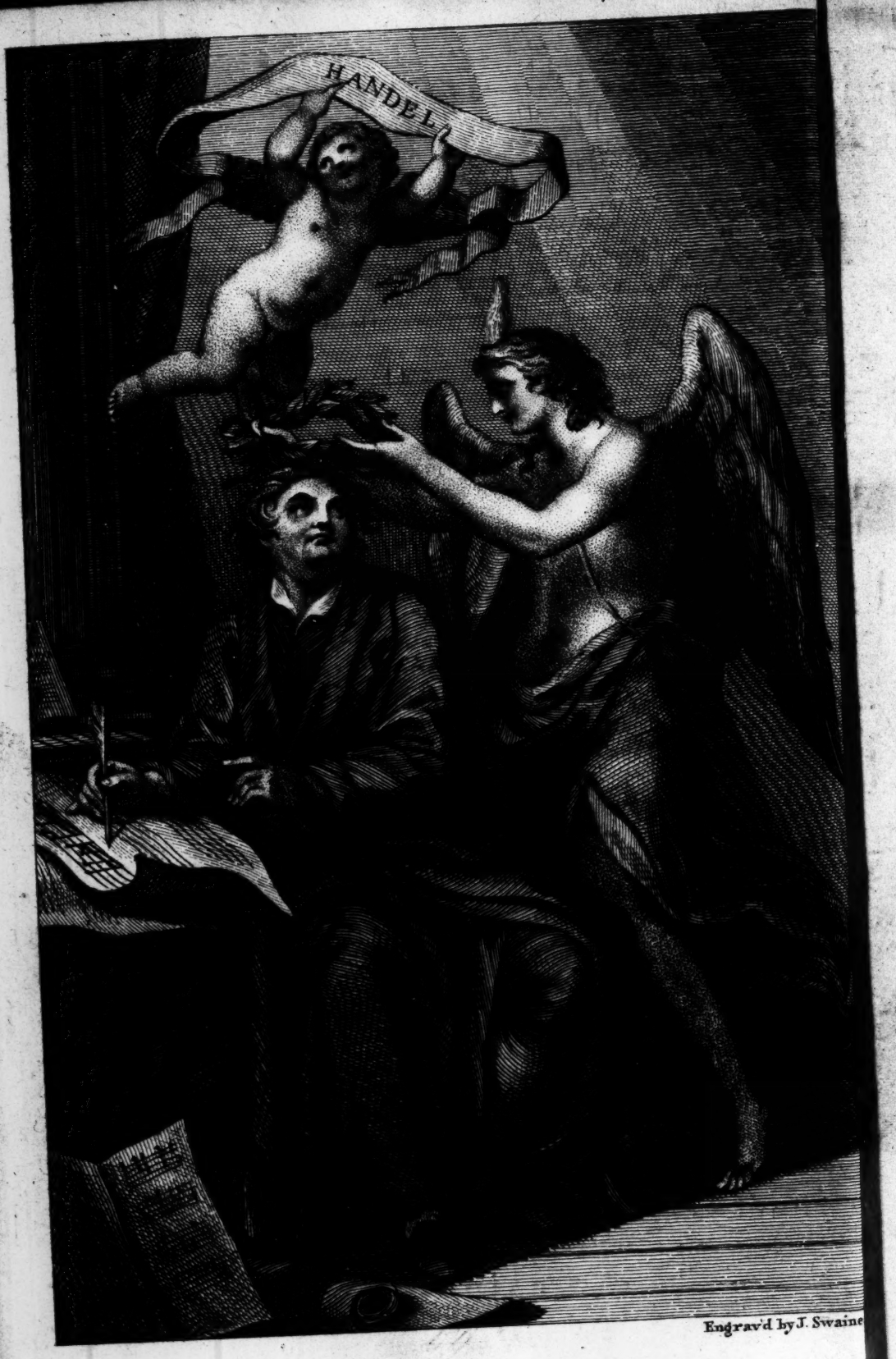

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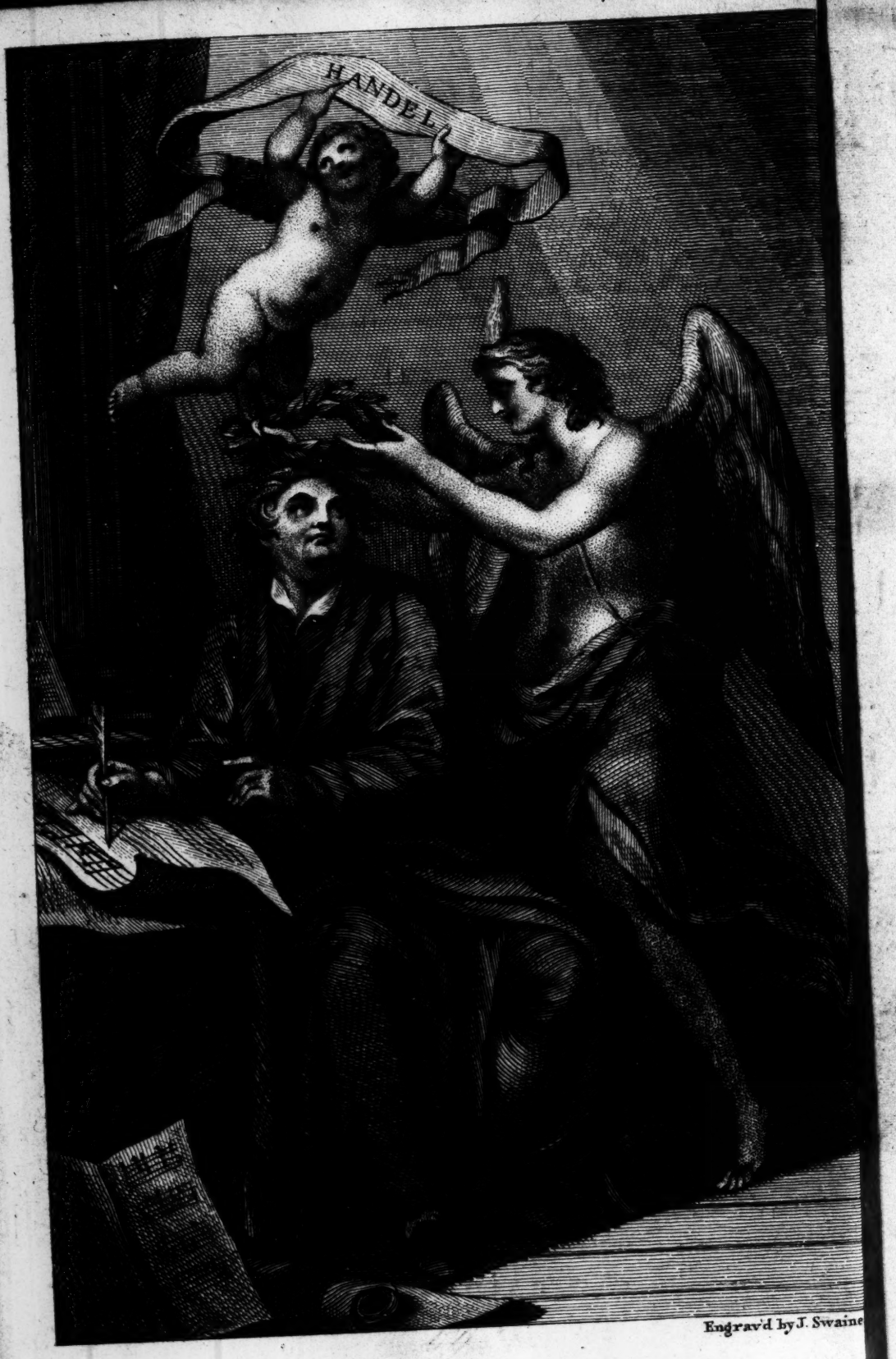

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CONCERTS

OF

ANTIENT MUSIC,

UNDER

THE PATRONAGE

OF

THEIR MAJESTIES;

AS PERFORMED AT

The New Room,

KING'S THEATRE, HAYMARKET.

1798.

London:

PRINTED FOR W. LEE,

BY SAMPSON LOW, BERWICK STREET.

~~1608/2626.~~

BRITISH MUSEUM
30 MAR 71

THE

PERFORMANCES

OF THE

ANTIENT MUSIC,

FOR THE SEASON 1798,

PUBLISHED BY PERMISSION OF THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE AND HONOURABLE

The Directors of the Same;

AND

MOST HUMBLY PRESENTED TO THE SUBSCRIBERS

BY THEIR MOST DUTIFUL,

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A

LIST OF THE PERFORMERS

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Concert of Antient Music.

1798.

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Four Abbey Boys
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Maſter Novello
Maſter Kellner
Maſter Cubit

ALTO CHORUS.

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1798.

UNDER THE PATRONAGE OF
THEIR MAJESTIES.

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(No. I.)

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF

His Grace the DUKE *of* LEEDS.

CONCERT OF ANTIENT MUSIC,

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1798.

ACT I.

OVERTURE.	*(Eſther.)*	*Handel.*
Song. Non vi piacque.	*(Siroe.)*	*Handel.*
Song and Chorus. Come, if you dare.	*(King Arthur.)*	*Purcell.*
Recit. Me, when the ſun.	*(Il Penſieroſo.)*	*Handel.*
Song. Hide me from day.		
CONCERTO 6th. Op. 2.		*Geminiani.*
Cantata. Let the dreadful engines.		*Purcell.*
Madrigal. Since firſt I ſaw.		*Ford.*
Song. Donzelle ſemplici.		*Gluck.*
Recit. accomp. Jehovah crown'd.	*(Eſther.)*	*Handel.*
Chorus. He comes.		

ACT II.

OVERTURE 2d. Op. 8.		*Martini.*
Laſt Movement. Motet.		*Caldara.*
Song. Io ti bacio.	*(Admetus.)*	*Handel.*
CONCERTO 10th.		*Corelli.*
Muſic in Bonduca.		*Purcell.*
Recit. Berenice ove ſei.	*(Lucio Vero.)*	*Jomelli.*
Song. Ombra che pallida.		
Chorus. Gird on thy ſword.	*(Saul.)*	*Handel.*

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF

His Grace the DUKE *of* LEEDS.

CONCERT OF ANTIENT MUSIC,

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1798.

ACT I.

OVERTURE.	(*Esther.*)	*Handel.*
Song. Non vi piacque.	(*Siroe.*)	*Handel.*
Song and Chorus. Come: if you dare.	(*King Arthur.*)	*Purcell.*
Recit. Me, when the fun.	(*Il Penseroso.*)	*Handel.*
Song. Hide me from day.		
CONCERTO 6th. Op. 2.		*Geminiani.*
Cantata. Let the dreadful engines.		*Purcell.*
Madrigal. Since first I saw.		*Ford.*
Song. Donzelle semplici.		*Gluck.*
Recit. accomp. Jehovah crown'd.	(*Esther.*)	*Handel.*
Chorus. He comes.		

ACT II.

OVERTURE 2d. Op. 8.		*Martini.*
Last Movement. Motet.		*Caldara.*
Song. Io ti bacio.	(*Admetus.*)	*Handel.*
CONCERTO 10th.		*Corelli.*
Music in Bonduca.		*Purcell.*
Recit. Berenice ove sei.	(*Mario Fero.*)	*Jomelli.*
Song. Ombra che pallida.		
Chorus. Gird on thy sword.	(*Saul.*)	*Handel.*

ACT I.

SONG. Mr. NIELD. (SIROE.) *Handel.*

NON vi piacque, ingiuſti Dei
Ch'io naſceſſi Paſtorella;
Altra pena or non avrei
Che la cura d'un agnella,
Che l'affetto d'un Paſtor.

SONG. Mr. HARRISON, and CHORUS.
(KING ARTHUR.) *Purcell.*

COME, if you dare,
Our trumpets ſound:
Come, if you dare,
The foes rebound.
We come, we come
Says the double beat
Of the thund'ring drum.

Now they charge on amain:
Now they rally again;
The gods from above
The mad labour behold;
And pity mankind
That will periſh for gold.

The fainting Saxons
Quit their ground:
Their trumpets languiſh
In the ſound.
They fly! they fly!
Victoria!
The bold Britons cry.

Now the victory's won,
To the plunder we run:
Then return to our laſſes,
Like fortunate traders,
Triumphant with ſpoils
Of the vanquiſh'd invaders.

RECIT. Mrs. HARRISON.

(Il Pensieroso.) *Handel.*

ME, when the Sun begins to fling
His flaring beams, me, goddeſs, bring
To arched walks of twilight groves
And ſhadows brown, that Sylvan loves:
There, in cloſe covert, by ſome brook,
Where no profaner eye may look,

SONG.

Hide me from day's gariſh eye,
While the bee, with honey'd thigh,
Which at her flow'ry work doth ſing,
And the waters murmuring,

With ſuch concert as they keep,
Entice the dewy-feather'd ſleep:
And let ſome ſtrange, myſterious dream
Wave at his wings, in airy ſtream
Of lively portraiture diſplay'd,
Softly on my eye-lids laid.
Then, as I wake, ſweet muſic, breathe
Above, about, or underneath;
Sent by ſome ſpirit to mortal's good,
Or the unſeen genius of the wood.

SONG. Mr. BARTLEMAN. *Purcell.*

LET the dreadful engines of eternal will,
The thunder roar, and crooked lightning kill;
My rage is hot as theirs', as fatal too,
And dares as horrid execution do.

Or let the frozen North its rancour ſhow,
Within my breaſt far greater tempeſts grow,
Deſpair's more cold than all the winds can blow.

Can nothing warm me? Yes, Lucinda's eyes;
There, Etna; there, Veſuvius lies
To furniſh hell with flames,
That mounting reach the ſkies!

Ye powers! I did but uſe her name,
And ſee how all the meteors flame!
Blue lightning flaſhes round the court of Sol,
And now the globe more fiercely burns than once at
Phaeton's fall.

Ah! where are now thoſe flow'ry groves,
Where Zephyr's fragrant winds did play?
Where, guarded by a troop of loves,
The fair Lucinda ſleeping lay.

There ſung the nightingale and lark,
Around us all was ſweet and gay;
We ne'er grew ſad till it grew dark;
And nothing fear'd but ſhort'ning day.

I glow, I glow, but 'tis with hate;
Why muſt I burn for this ingrate?
Cool it, cool it, then, and rail,
Since nothing, nothing will prevail.

Can nothing warm me? Yes, Lucinda's eyes;
There, Etna; there, Veſuvius lies
To furniſh hell with flames,
That mounting reach the ſkies!

MADRIGAL.

Mrs. HARRISON, Meſſrs. HARRISON, KNYVETT, and BARTLEMAN. *Ford.*

SINCE firſt I ſaw your face, I reſolv'd
To honour and renown you;
If now I be diſdain'd, I wiſh
My heart had never known you.
What! I that lov'd, and you that lik'd,
Shall we begin to wrangle?
No, no, no, no! my heart is faſt,
And cannot diſentangle.

SONG. Madame BANTI. *Gluck.*

DONZELLE ſemplici, no, non credete
A quelle lagrime che voi vedrete
Su gli occhi ſpargerſi del traditor:

Più che ſon flebile i ſuoi ſoſpiri;
Più par che s'agiti, e che deliri,
Meno quel perfido commoſſo ha il cor.

Ah! per defendervi contro quell' Empio.
Denzelle ſemplici, vi ſian d'eſempio
E le mie ſmanie, e il mio roſſor.

RECIT. accomp. Mr. W. KNYVETT.

(ESTHER.) *Handel.*

JEHOVAH, crown'd with glory bright,
Surrounded with eternal light;
Whoſe miniſters are flames of fire;
Ariſe and execute thine ire!

CHORUS.

He comes, he comes, to end our woes,
And pour his vengeance on our foes.
Earth trembles, lofty mountains nod,
Jacob ariſe, and meet thy God!

ACT II.

LAST MOVEMENT. MOTET. *Caldara.*

CHORUS.

AGNUS Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi.
Miſerere nobis.
Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi.

VERSE and CHORUS.

Dona nobis pacem.

SONG. Mr. HARRISON. (ADMETUS.)

Handel.

IO ti bacio
O bella imago
Del mio vago
Idolo mio.
Or con te vado
A far pago
Il coſtante
Mio deſio. *Da Capo.*

SCENE FROM BONDUCA. *Purcell.*

CHORUS.

HEAR us, great Rugwith, hear our pray'rs;
Defend, defend, thy Britiſh iſle,
Revive our hopes, deſperſe our fears,
Nor let thine altars be the Roman ſpoil:

Deſcend, ye pow'rs divine, deſcend,
In chariots of ætherial flame,
And touch the altars you defend;
O ſave us, ſave our nation and our name.

AIR. Mr. BARTLEMAN.

Hear! ye Gods of Britain, hear us this day,
Let us not fall the Roman eagle's prey;
Clip, clip their wings, or chaſe them home,
And check the tow'ring pride of Rome.

RECIT. Mr. HARRISON.

Divine Andate! Preſident of war,
The fortune of the day declare,—
Shall we to the Romans yield?
Or ſhall each arm that wields a ſpear,
Strike it through a maſſy ſhield,
And dye with Roman blood the field?

DUET. Mr. HARRISON and Mr. BARTLEMAN, and CHORUS.

To arms! your enſigns ſtraight diſplay,
Now ſet the battle in array;
The Oracle for war declares,
Succeſs depends upon our hearts and ſpears.
Britons, ſtrike home, revenge your Country's wrongs,
Fight, and record yourſelves in Druids' ſongs.

RECIT. Madame BANTI. (LUCIO VERO.)

Jomelli.

BERENICE, ove ſei?
Qual lugubre apparato
Di ſpavento, e di lutto?
Qual di tenebre e d'ombre
Reggio dolente e fiera!
Forſe quì di Tieſte
Si rinovan le Cene? o langue il giorno
Fuggitivo così, perche tra queſte
Soglie funeſte, oh Dio!
Trucidato morì l'Idolo mio?
Ahimè! ſogno o ſon deſta?
Odo—o parmi d'udir—la voce—il pianto—
Del moribondo Spoſo?—ahi ſon pur queſti
Gemiti di chi langue
Singulti di chi ſpira—E quell' oſcura
Caligine profounda,
De là s'inalza, e moſtra

Non ſo qual ſimulacro a gli occhi miei—
Quella—ſi quella—oh Dei gia la ravviſo,
E del mio Volageſo
L'ombra meſta e dolente
Ah barbaro Tiranno!
Il mio ſpoſo uccideſti
Io non m'inganno.

SONG.

Ombra, che pallida
Fai qui ſoggiorno;
Larva che ſquallida
Mi gira intorno
Perchè mi chiami?
Che vuoi da me?
Se pace brami
Ombra infelice
In Berenice no, pace non v'è.

CHORUS. (SAUL.) *Handel.*

GIRD on thy ſword, thou man of might,
Purſue thy wonted fame;
Go on, be proſperous in fight,
Retrieve the Hebrew name.
Thy ſtrong right hand, with terror arm'd,
Shall thy obdurate foes diſmay:
While others, by thy virtue charm'd,
Shall crowd to own thy righteous ſway.

END OF THE FIRST CONCERT.

(No. II.)

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF

The EARL *of* CHESTERFIELD.

CONCERT OF ANTIENT MUSIC,

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1798.

ACT I.

FIRST PART of JUDAS MACCABÆUS. *Handel.*

ACT II.

Introduction and Chorus. Ye ſons of Iſrael. } *(Joſhua.)* *Handel.*

Song. O Lord have mercy upon me. *Pergoleſi.*

Duet. As ſteals the morn. *(Il Moderato.)* *Handel.*

Recit. Behold the nations.
Chorus. O Baal, monarch.
Recit. No more ye infidels.
Chorus. Lord of eternity. } *(Deborah.)* *Handel.*

CONCERTO. *(from Select Harmony.)* *Handel.*

Madrigal. Diſſi all'amata. *Luca Marenzio.*

Song. Se pur cara. *(Alceſte.)* *Gluck.*

Chorus. Around let acclamations. *(Athalia.)* *Handel.*

ACT I.

FIRST PART of JUDAS MACCABÆUS.

Handel.

CHORUS.

MOURN, ye afflicted children, the remains
Of captive Judah, mourn in ſolemn ſtrains;
Your ſanguine hopes of liberty give o'er;
Your father, friend, and hero, is no more.

RECIT. Mr. HARRISON.

Iſraelitiſh Man. Well may your ſorrows, brethren, flow
In all th' expreſſive ſigns of woe;
Your ſofter garments tear,
And ſqualid ſackcloth wear;
Your drooping heads with aſhes ſtrew,
And with the flowing tear your cheeks bedew.

RECIT. Mrs. HARRISON.

Iſraelitiſh Woman. Daughters, let your diſtreſsful cries
And loud lament aſcend the ſkies;
Your tender boſoms beat, and tear
With hands remorſeleſs, your diſhe-
vell'd hair;
For pale and breathleſs Mattathias lies,
Sad emblem of his country's miſeries!

DUET. Mr. and Mrs. HARRISON.

From this dread ſcene, theſe adverſe powers,
Ah! whither ſhall we fly?
O Solyma! thy boaſted towers
In ſmoaky ruins lie.

CHORUS.

For Sion lamentation make,
With words that weep, and tears that ſpeak!

RECIT. Mr. SALE.

Not vain is all this ſtorm of grief;
To vent our ſorrows gives relief:
Wretched indeed! but let not Judah's race
Their ruin with deſponding arms embrace.
Diſtractful doubt and deſperation,
Ill become the choſen nation;
Choſen by the great I AM,
The Lord of Hoſts, who, ſtill the ſame,
We truſt will give attentive ear
To the ſincerity of prayer.

AIR. Madame BANTI.

Pious orgies, pious airs,
Decent ſorrow, decent prayers,
Will to the Lord aſcend, and move
His pity, and regain his love.

CHORUS.

O Father, whoſe almighty power
The heavens, and earth, and ſeas adore!

The hearts of Judah, thy delight,
In one defenſive band unite;
And grant a leader bold and brave,
If not to conquer, born to ſave!

RECIT. Mr. BARTLEMAN.

Simon. I feel, I feel, the Deity within,
Who, the bright cherubin between,
His radiant glory erſt diſplay'd;
To Iſrael's diſtreſsful pray'r
He hath vouchſaf'd a gracious ear,
And points out Maccabæus to their aid.
Judas ſhall ſet the captive free,
And lead us on to victory.

AIR.

Arm, arm, ye brave; a noble cauſe,
The cauſe of Heaven your zeal demands!
In defence of your nation, religion and laws,
The Almighty Jehovah will ſtrengthen your hands.

CHORUS.

We come, we come, in bright array,
Judas, thy ſceptre to obey!

RECIT. Mr. NIELD.

Judas. 'Tis well, my friends; with tranſport I behold
The ſpirit of our fathers, fam'd of old
For their exploits in war.—Oh! may their fire
With active courage, you, their ſons, inſpire;

As when the mighty Joſhua fought,
And thoſe amazing wonders wrought:
Stood ſtill, obedient to his voice, the ſun,
Till kings he had deſtroy'd, and kingdoms won!

AIR.

Call forth thy powers, my ſoul, and dare
The conflict of unequal war:
Great is the glory of the conquering ſword,
That triumphs in ſweet liberty reſtor'd.

RECIT. Mrs. HARRISON.

Iſraelitiſh Woman. To Heaven's Almighty King we kneel
For bleſſings on this exemplary zeal:
Bleſs him, Jehovah! bleſs him; and once more,
To thine own Iſrael, liberty reſtore.

AIR.

O Liberty! thou choiceſt treaſure,
Seat of virtue, ſource of pleaſure;
Life, without thee, knows no bleſſing,
No endearment worth careſſing.

DUET. Mr. HARRISON and Mr. NIELD.

Come, ever-ſmiling Liberty,
And with thee bring thy jocund train;
For thee we pant, and ſigh for thee,
With whom eternal pleaſures reign.

CHORUS.

Lead on, lead on, Judah diſdains
The galling load of hoſtile chains.

RECIT. Mr. HARRISON.

Judas. So will'd my father, now at reſt
In the eternal manſions of the bleſt;
" Can ye behold, ſaid he, the miſeries
" In which the long-inſulted Judah lies?
" Can ye behold their dire diſtreſs,
" And not, at leaſt, attempt redreſs?
Then faintly, with expiring breath——
" Reſolve, my ſons, on Liberty or Death."

RECIT. accomp.

We come: O ſee thy ſons prepare
The rough habiliments of war;
With hearts intrepid, and revengeful hands,
To execute, O Sire, thy dread commands!

TRIO. Mr. HARRISON, Mr. NIELD, and Mr. SALE.

Diſdainful of danger, we'll ruſh on the foe,
That thy power, O Jehovah! all nations may know.

CHORUS.

Diſdainful of danger, we'll ruſh on the foe,
That thy power, O Jehovah! all nations may know.

RECIT. Mr. BARTLEMAN.

Simon. Enough!—To Heaven we leave the reſt;
Such gen'rous ardour firing ev'ry breaſt,
We may divide our cares:—the field be thine,
O Judas!—and the ſanctuary mine:
For Sion, holy Sion, ſeat of God,
In ruinous heaps is by the heathen trod:
Such profanation calls for ſwift redreſs,
If e'er in battle Iſrael hopes ſucceſs.

AIR.

With pious hearts, and brave as pious,
O Sion! we thy call attend;
Nor dread the nations that defy us,
God our defender, God our friend.

RECIT. Mr. HARRISON.

Judas. Ambition!—If e'er honour was thine aim,
Challenge it here:——
The glorious cauſe gives ſanction to thy claim.

AIR.

No unhallow'd deſire
Our breaſts ſhall inſpire;
Nor luſt of unbounded power:
But Peace to obtain,
Free Peace let us gain,
And conqueſt ſhall aſk no more.

RECIT. Mr. BARTLEMAN.

Haſte we, my brethren, haſte we to the field,
Dependent on the Lord, our ſtrength and ſhield!

CHORUS.

Hear us, O Lord! on thee we call,
Reſolv'd on conqueſt, or a glorious fall!

ACT II.

INTRODUCTION and CHORUS. (JOSHUA.) *Handel.*

YE ſons of Iſrael, every tribe attend,
Let grateful ſongs and hymns to heaven aſcend;
In Gilgal and on Jordan's banks proclaim
One firſt, one laſt, one great Jehovah's name.

SONG. Mr. BARTLEMAN. *Pergoleſi.*

O LORD! have mercy upon me, for I am in trouble; my ſtrength faileth me.

But my hope hath been in thee, O Lord! I have ſaid, thou art my God.

DUET. Mr. and Mrs. HARRISON. (Il Moderato.)

Handel.

AS ſteals the morn upon the night,
And melts the ſhades away,
So truth doth fancy's charm diſſolve,
And riſing reaſon puts to flight
The fumes that did the mind involve,
Reſtoring intellectual day.

RECIT. Mr. SALE. (Deborah.) *Handel.*

BEHOLD the nations all around,
What God like Baal is renown'd?
To him your ſtubborn tribes would bow,
Did but the ſlaves their duty know.

CHORUS.

O Baal! monarch of the ſkies,
To whom unnumber'd temples riſe!
From thee the ſun immenſely bright,
Receiv'd his radiant robes of light:
By thee with ſtars the heavens glow,
The ocean ſwells, the rivers flow;
The vales with verdure are array'd,
The flowers perfume the thicket's ſhade:
And 'tis by the event confeſs'd,
Thy votaries alone are bleſs'd.

RECIT. Mr. LEETE.

No more! ye infidels, no more!
False is the God whom ye adore;
A dull, brute idol, whose detested shrine,
Non but such wretches can believe divine.

CHORUS.

Lord of eternity! who hast in store
Plagues for the proud, and mercy for the poor;
Look down; look down; from thy celestial throne,
And let the terrors of thy wrath be known:
Plead the just cause, thy aweful pow'r disclose,
Avenge thy servants, and confound their foes.

MADRIGAL. Mrs. HARRISON, Messrs. HARRISON, KNYVETT, and BARTLEMAN.

Luca Marenzio.

DISSI all' amata mia
Lucida stella
Che più d'ogn' altra luce
Ed al mio cor adduce
Fiamme, strali e catene,
Ch' ogn' hor mi danno pene;
Deh! morirò cor mio?
Si, morirai,
Ma non per mio desio.

SONG. Madame BANTI. (ALCESTE.) *Gluck.*

SE pur cara è a me la vita,
E per tè mio dolce amor;
Ah per te mi ſia rapita
E morrò felice allor.

T' amerò ſino alla morte,
Fin colà fra l'ombre eterne,
D'una tenera conſorte,
Trionfar vedraſſi il cor

CHORUS. (ATHALIA.) *Handel.*

AROUND let acclamations ring,
Hail royal youth, long live the King!

SOLO. Mr. Wm. KNYVETT.

Reviving Judah ſhall no more
Deteſted images adore;
We'll purge, with a reforming hand,
Idolatry from out the land:
May GOD, from whom all mercies ſpring,
Bleſs the true Church, and ſave the King!

GRAND CHORUS.

Bleſs the true Church, and ſave the King!

END OF THE SECOND CONCERT.

(No. III.)

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF

The EARL *of* UXBRIDGE.

CONCERT OF ANTIENT MUSIC,

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1798.

ACT I.

OVERTURE and MARCH.	*(Ptolomy.)*	*Handel.*
Chorus. Fall'n is the foe.	*(Judas Macc.)*	*Handel.*
Song. Oft, on a plat.	*(Il Penſieroſo.)*	*Handel.*
Chorus. Wretched lovers.	*(Acis & Galatea.)*	*Handel.*
CONCERTO 6th.		*Martini.*
Recit. accomp. Ye twice.	*(Indian Queen.)*	*Purcell.*
Song. By the croaking.		
Chorus. Lift up your heads.	*(Meſſiah.)*	*Handel.*
Duet. Saldi marmi.		*Steffani.*
Recit. 'Tis well, ſix times.	*(Joſhua.)*	*Handel.*
March.		
Chorus. Glory to God.		

ACT II.

OVERTURE and CHORUS.	*(Acis and Galatea.)*	*Handel.*
Madrigal. Fair, ſweet, cruel.		*Ford.*
Recit. acc. Deeper, and deeper.	*(Jephthah.)*	*Handel.*
Song. Waft her, Angels.		
CONCERTO 5th. Grand.		*Handel.*
Recit. O worſe than death.	*(Theodora.)*	*Handel.*
Song. Angels ever bright.		
Verſe and Chorus. All people.		
Song. Vo ſolcando.		*Vinci.*
Chorus. Fix'd in his everlaſting.	*(Samſon.)*	*Handel.*

(No. III.)

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF

The EARL *of* UXBRIDGE.

CONCERT OF ANTIENT MUSIC,

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 29, 1708.

ACT I.

OVERTURE and MARCH.	(*Ptolemy.*)	*Handel.*
Chorus. Fall'n is the foe.	(*Judas Mac.*)	*Handel.*
Song. Oft, on a plat.	(*Il Perfiroso.*)	*Handel.*
Chorus. Wretched lovers.	(*Acis & Galatea.*)	*Handel.*
CONCERTO 6th.		*Martini.*
Recit. accomp. Ye twice.	(*Indian Queen.*)	*Purcell.*
Song. By the croaking.		
Chorus. Lift up your heads.	(*Messiah.*)	*Handel.*
Duet. Saldi marini.		*Steffani.*
Recit. 'Tis well, six times.	(*Joshua.*)	*Handel.*
March.		
Chorus. Glory to God.		

ACT II.

OVERTURE and CHORUS.	(*Acis and Galatea.*)	*Handel.*
Madrigal. Fair, sweet, cruel.		*Ford.*
Recit. acc. Deeper, and deeper.	(*Jephthah.*)	*Handel.*
Song. Waft her, Angels.		
CONCERTO 5th. Grand.		*Handel.*
Recit. O worse than death.	(*Theodora.*)	*Handel.*
Song. Angels ever bright.		
Verse and Chorus. All people.		
Song. Vo solcando.		*Vinci.*
Chorus. Fix'd in his everlasting.	(*Samson.*)	*Handel.*

ACT I.

CHORUS. (JUDAS MACC.) *Handel.*

FALL'N is the foe; ſo fall thy foes, O Lord,
When warlike Judas wields his righteous ſword.

SONG. Mr. NIELD. (IL PENSIEROSO.) *Handel.*

OFT, on a plat of riſing ground,
I hear the far-off curfew ſound;
Over ſome wide-watered ſhore,
Swinging ſlow with ſullen roar.

Or, if the air will not permit,
Some ſtill, removed place will fit,
Where glowing embers, thro' the room,
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom.

CHORUS. (ACIS AND GALATEA.) *Handel.*

WRETCHED lovers, fate has paſt
This ſad decree; no joy ſhall laſt.
Wretched lovers, quit your dream;
Behold the monſter Polypheme;

See what ample ſtrides he takes;
The mountain nods, the foreſt ſhakes;
The waves run fright'ned to the ſhores,
Hark! how the thund'ring giant roars.

RECIT. accomp. Mr. BARTLEMAN.

(INDIAN QUEEN.) *Purcell.*

YE twice ten hundred Deities,
To whom we daily ſacrifice;
Ye pow'rs that dwell with fate below
And ſee what men are doom'd to do;
Where elements in diſcord dwell;
Thou, God of ſleep, ariſe and tell,
Tell great Zempoalla what ſtrange fate
Muſt on her diſmal viſion wait.

AIR.

By the croaking of the toad,
In their caves that make abode;
Earthy dun that pants for breath,
With her ſwell'd ſides full of death;
By the creſted adder's pride,
That along the cliffs doth glide;
By thy viſage fierce and black,
By the death's head on thy back;
By the twiſted ſerpents plac'd
For a girdle round thy waiſt;
By the hearts of gold that deck
Thy breaſt, thy ſhoulders, and thy neck;

From thy ſleeeping manſion riſe,
And open thy unwilling eyes;
While bubbling ſprings their muſic keep,
That us'd to lull thee in thy ſleep.

CHORUS. (MESSIAH.) *Handel.*

LIFT up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lift up, ye everlaſting doors, and the King of Glory ſhall come in.

SEMI-CHORUS.

Who is the King of Glory?

SEMI-CHORUS.

The Lord ſtrong and mighty, the Lord mighty in battle.

SEMI-CHORUS.

Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lift up, ye everlaſting doors, and the King of Glory ſhall come in.

SEMI-CHORUS.

Who is the King of Glory?

SEMI-CHORUS.

The Lord of Hoſts, he is the King of Glory.

FULL CHORUS.

The Lord of Hoſts, he is the King of Glory.

DUET. Mr. HARRISON and Madame BANTI.

Steffani.

SALDI marmi che coprite
Del mio ben l'ignuda ſalma
Ch'ogni dì, più in mezz' all'alma
La mia fede ſtabilite,
Che ne dite?
Deggio al nuovo deſire
Oppore il voſtro gelo
O pur morrire?

RECIT. Madame BANTI.

Coſi Fille dicea;
Del ſuo perduto Bene
Rivolto un giorno
Alle bellezze eſtinte.
Viſſella di Fileno
Lunga ſtagione
In fortunati amori:
Ma già le bionde Ariſte
Quattro volte diviſe
Avea dal ſuolo
Del curvo Mietitor
La falce adunca;
Da ch' ei ſcendendo a morte
Tra ſolitarj ardor
Laſciolla in vita.
Non vantar mai tra tanto
Lacci un crin,
Riſi un labro,
O ſtrali un ciglio
Onde il ſuo cor fedele
O piagato, o invaghito,

O avvinto ſoſſe.
Moſtrolle al fine il caſo
Ne' begl' occhi di Tirſi
Del amato Filen
Mille ſembianze:
Onde fatta incapace
Di reſiſter al bel
Ch' amò una volta;
Riſoluta d' amare
Ancora un dì;
Parlando a penſier ſuoi,
Diſſe così;

DUET.

Incoſtanza! e che pretendi?
Amerò, ſi, ch' amerò.
So ben io come ſi può
Cangiar amanti.
E non cangiar gl' incendi.

RECIT. Mr. NIELD. (JOSHUA.) *Handel.*

'TIS well! Six times the Lord hath been obey'd,
Low in the duſt the town ſhall ſoon be laid;
Now the ſeventh ſun the gilded domes adorns,
Sound the ſhrill trumpets, ſhout, and blow the horns.

AIR and CHORUS.

Glory to God! the ſtrong cemented walls,
The tott'ring tow'rs, the pond'rous ruin falls:
The nations tremble at the dreadful ſound,
Heav'n thunders, tempeſts roar, and groans the ground. *Da Capo.*

ACT II.

CHORUS. (ACIS and GALATEA.) *Handel.*

O THE pleaſures of the plains,
Happy nymphs and happy ſwains,
Harmleſs, merry, free, and gay,
Dance and ſport the hours away.

For us the zephyr blows,
For us diſtils the dew,
For us unfolds the roſe,
And flow'rs diſplay their hue.

For us the winters rain,
For us the ſummers ſhine;
Spring ſwells for us the grain,
And autumn bleeds the vine. *Da Capo.*

MADRIGAL. Mrs. HARRISON, Meſſrs. HARRISON, W. KNYVETT, and BARTLEMAN. *Ford.*

FAIR, ſweet, cruel, why doſt thou fly me?
Go not, oh! go not from thy deareſt;
Though thou doſt haſten, I am nigh thee;
When thou ſeemeſt far, then I am neareſt.

O! tarry then, and take me with thee.
Fie, fie, ſweeteſt, here is no danger,
Fly not, oh! fly not, Love purſues thee;
I am no foe, nor hoſtile ſtranger,
Thy ſcorn with freſher hope renews me:
O! tarry then, and take me with thee.

RECIT. accomp. Mr. HARRISON. (JEPHTHAH.)
Handel.

DEEPER, and deeper ſtill, thy goodneſs, child,
Pierceth a father's bleeding heart, and checks
The cruel ſentence on my falt'ring tongue.
Oh! let me whiſper it to the raging winds,
Or howling deſarts:—for the ears of men
It is too ſhocking.—Yet, have I not vow'd,
And can I think the great Jehovah ſleeps,
Like Chemoſh, and ſuch fabled deities?—
Ah! no:—Heaven heard my thoughts, and wrote them down:
It muſt be ſo!—'tis this that racks my brain,
And pours into my breaſt a thouſand pangs
That laſh me into madneſs.——
——————Horrid thought!
My only daughter;—ſo dear a child,
Doom'd by a father!—Yes—the vow is paſt,
And Gilead hath triumph'd o'er his foes;—
Therefore—to-morrow's dawn——I can no more.

SONG.

Waft her, angels, through the ſkies,
Far above yon azure plain;
Glorious there, like you, to riſe;
There, like you, for ever reign. *Da Capo.*

RECIT. Mrs. HARRISON. (THEODORA.) *Handel.*

O WORSE than death indeed; lead me, ye guards,
Lead me, or to the rack, or to the flames;
I'll thank your gracious mercy.——

SONG.

Angels, ever bright and fair,
Take, O take me to your care;
Speed to your own courts my flight,
Clad in robes of virgin white. *Da Capo.*

VERSE and CHORUS.

ALL people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice;
Him ſerve with fear; his praiſe forth tell,
Come ye before him and rejoice.

The Lord, ye know, is God indeed,
Without our aid he did us make;
We are his flock, he doth us feed,
And for his ſheep he doth us take.

O enter then his gates with praiſe,
Approach with joy his courts unto;
Praiſe, laud, and bleſs his name always,
For it is ſeemly ſo to do.

For why?—the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is for ever ſure;
His truth at all times firmly ſtood,
And ſhall from age to age endure.

SONG. Madame BANTI. *Vinci.*

VO ſolcando un mar crudele,
Senza vele, e ſenza ſarte;
Freme l'onda, il ciel s'imbruna,
Creſce il vento, e manca l'arte,
E il voler della fortuna
Son coſtretto a ſeguitar,
Infelice in queſto ſtato
Son da tutti abandonato:
Meco è ſola l'Innocenza
Che mi porta a naufragar. *Da Capo.*

CHORUS. (SAMSON.) *Handel.*

FIX'D in his everlaſting ſeat,
Jehovah rules the world in ſtate,
Great Dagon rules the world in ſtate,
His thunder roars, heav'n ſhakes, and earth's aghaſt.

The ſtars, with deep amaze,
Remain in ſteadfaſt gaze.
Great Dagon is, of Gods, the firſt and laſt.
Jehovah is, of Gods, the firſt and laſt.

END OF THE THIRD CONCERT.

(No. IV.)

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF

LORD VISCOUNT MALDEN.

CONCERT OF ANTIENT MUSIC,

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1798.

ACT I.

OVERTURE and DEAD MARCH.	*(Saul.)*	*Handel.*
Trio. Like a bright cherub.	*(Gideon.)*	*Handel.*
Chorus. The many rend.	*(Alex. Feaſt.)*	*Handel.*
Song. Praiſe the Lord.	*(Eſther.)*	*Handel.*
CONCERTO 8th.		*Corelli.*
Song. Cara ſpoſa.	*(Radamiſtus.)*	*Handel.*
Chorus. All we like ſheep.	*(Meſſiah.)*	*Handel.*
Song. Raſſerena il meſto.		*Gluck.*
Chorus. He gave them.	*(Iſrael in Egypt.)*	*Handel.*

ACT II.

OVERTURE.	*(Iphigene.)*	*Gluck.*
Scene.	*(from the Tempeſt.)*	*Purcell.*
Song. Tears, ſuch as tender. / Chorus. Doleful tidings.	*(Deborah.)*	*Handel.*
CONCERTO 4th.	*(from his Trios.)*	*Martini.*
Quartetto and Chorus. Concinamus.		*Reading.*
Recit. Nel chiuſo. / Song. Euridice, e dove ſei?	*(Cantata.)*	*Pergoleſi.*
Anthem. My heart is inditing.		*Handel.*

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF

LORD VISCOUNT MALDEN.

CONCERT OF ANTIENT MUSIC.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1798.

ACT I.

Overture and Dead March.	(Saul.)	Handel.
Trio. Like a bright cherub.	(Gideon.)	Handel.
Chorus. The many rend.	(Alex. Fest.)	Handel.
Song. Praise the Lord.	(Esther.)	Handel.
Concerto 8th.		Corelli.
Song. Cara sposa.	(Rodamista.)	Handel.
Chorus. All we like sheep.	(Messiah.)	Handel.
Song. Raffrena il pianto.		Giuck.
Chorus. He gave them.	(Israel in Egypt.)	Handel.

ACT II.

Overture.	(Iphigenia.)	Giuck.
Scene.	(From the Temple.)	Purcell.
Song. Tears, such as tender.	(Deborah.)	Handel.
Chorus. Doleful tidings.		
Concerto 4th.	(From his Trios.)	Martini.
Quartetto and Chorus. Concinamus.		Reading.
Recit. Nel chiuso.	(Cantata.)	Pergolesi.
Song. Euridice, e dove fei?		
Anthem. My heart is inditing.		Handel.

ACT I.

TRIO. Mrs. HARRISON, Mr. NIELD, and Mr. W. KNYVETT. (GIDEON.) *Handel.*

LIKE a bright cherub, ſome mortal befriending,
Mercy now glides from the empyreal throne:
Hope, her wing'd herald, glad omens portending,
With joy and bleſſing this conqueſt to crown.

Great is the victor, all rancour reſigning,
Raiſing the conquer'd with unlook'd-for joy;
To the ſweet dictates of mercy inclining,
When fate vouchſafes him the power to deſtroy.

Thus, when the night all in darkneſs involving,
Holds for a while her diſconſolate reign,
Sol's radiant beams the thick vapours diſſolving,
Burſt through the gloom and give daylight again.

CHORUS. (ALEXANDER'S FEAST.) *Handel.*

THE many rend the ſkies with loud applauſe,
So Love was crown'd, but Muſic won the cauſe.

SONG. Mrs. HARRISON, accompanied on the Harp by Mademoiſelle DUPARCQ.

(ESTHER.) *Handel.*

PRAISE the Lord with cheerful noiſe,
Wake my glory, wake my lyre;
Praiſe the Lord each mortal voice,
Praiſe the Lord ye heav'nly choir.
Zion now her head ſhall raiſe,
Tune your harps to ſongs of praiſe. *Da Capo.*

SONG. Mr. HARRISON. (RADAMISTUS.) *Handel.*

CARA ſpoſa, amato bene
Prendi ſpene
Che non ſempre irato il cielo
Volgerà lo ſdegno in me.
Sgombra oh Dio, dal nobil core,
Il dolore; che'l vederti lagrimar,
Fà tremar lo ſpirto è'l pie. *Da Capo.*

CHORUS. (MESSIAH.) *Handel.*

ALL we like ſheep have gone aſtray, we have turned every one to his own way.

And the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all.

SONG. Madame BANTI. *Gluck.*

RASSERENA il meſto ciglio
Non è ver, non vado a morte;
Vò con lieta, e fauſta ſorte
Il mio fato ad incontrar.

CHORUS. (ISRAEL IN EGYPT.) *Handel.*

HE gave them hailſtones for rain; fire mingled with the hail ran along upon the ground.

ACT II.

SCENE from the TEMPEST. *Purcell.*

SONG. Mrs. HARRISON.

COME unto theſe yellow ſands,
And there take hands;
Foot it featly here and there,
And let the reſt the burthen bear.

CHORUS.

Hark! hark!
The watch dogs bark;
Hark! I hear
The ſtrain of chanticleer.

CHORUS.

Around, around we pace
About this curſed place;
While thus we compaſs in
Theſe mortals and their ſin.

QUARTETTO.

Mrs. HARRISON, Maſter CRAVEN,
Mr. HARRISON, and Mr. BARTLEMAN.

Arne and Jackſon.

Where the bee ſucks there lurk I,
In a cowſlip's bell I lie,
There I couch when owls do cry;
On the bat's back do I fly,
After ſun-ſet, merrily.
Merrily, merrily ſhall I live now
Under the bloſſom that hangs on the bough.

All we fairies that do run
By the triple Hecate's beam
From the preſence of the ſun,
Follow darkneſs as a dream:
Over hill, over dale,
Thorough buſh, thorough brier,
Over park, over pale,
Thorough flood, thorough fire;—
Merrily, merrily ſhall we live now,
Under the bloſſom that hangs on the bough.

SONG. Mr. W. KNYVETT.

Full fathom five thy father lies;
Of his bones is coral made:
Thoſe are pearls that were his eyes;
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth ſuffer a ſea change
Into ſomething rich and ſtrange.
Sea nymphs hourly ring his knell;
Hark! now I hear them, ding dong bell.

CHORUS.

Sea nymphs hourly ring his knell;
Hark! now I hear them, ding dong bell.

SONG. Mr. BARTLEMAN. (DEBORAH.) *Handel.*

TEARS, ſuch as tender fathers ſhed,
Warm from my aged eyes deſcend
For joy, to think, when I am dead,
My ſon ſhall have mankind his friend.

CHORUS.

Doleful tidings, how ye wound,
Deſpair and death are in that ſound.

QUARTETTO.

Mrs. HARRISON, Meſſrs. KNYVETT, HARRISON, and BARTLEMAN. *Reading.*

CONCINAMUS! O ſodales!
Eja! quid filemus!
Nobile canticum
Dulce, melos Domum
Dulce Domum reſonemus.

CHORUS.

Domum, domum! dulce domum!
Dulce domum reſonemus.

SOLI.

Appropinquat ecce! felix
Hora gaudiorum
Poſt grave tedium
Advenit omnium
Meta petita laborum.

CHORUS.

Domum, domum! dulce domum!
Dulce domum reſonemus.

SOLI.

Ridet annus; prata rident
Noſque rideamus,
Jam repetit domum
Daulius advena
Noſqui domum repetamus.

CHORUS.

Domum, domum! dulce domum!
Dulce domum reſonemus.

RECIT. Madame BANTI. *Pergoleſi.*

NEL chiuſo centro, ove ogni luce aſſonna,
Allor che pianſe in compagnià
D'Amore, della ſmarrita donna
Seguendo l'orme per ignota via,

Giunſe di tracia il Vate.
Al ſuo dolore qui ſciolſe il freno,
A rintracciar pietate:
E qui nel muto orrore, in dolci accenti,
All' alme ſventurate,
Sulla cetra narrando i ſuoi tormenti,
Temprò la pena, e debellò lo ſdegno.
Del barbaro Signor del cieco regno.

SONG.

Euridice! e dove ſei!
Chi m'aſcolta? chi m'addita?
Dov' è 'il ſol degl' occhi miei?
Chi farà che torni in vita;
Chi al mio cor la renderà?

ANTHEM. *Handel.*

MY heart is inditing of a good matter: I ſpeak of the things which I have made unto the king.

Kings daughters were among thy honourable women.

Upon thy right hand did ſtand the queen in veſture of gold; and the king ſhall have pleaſure in thy beauty.

Kings ſhall be thy nurſing fathers, and queens thy nurſing mothers.

END OF THE FOURTH CONCERT.

(No. V.)

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF

LORD GREY DE WILTON,

For LORD VISCOUNT FITZWILLIAM.

CONCERT OF ANTIENT MUSIC,

FRIDAY, MARCH 9, 1798.

ACT I.

OVERTURE. *(Richard the First.)* SECOND PART of JUDAS MACCABÆUS.	*Handel.*

ACT II.

CONCERTO 2d. *(Grand.)*	*Handel.*
Song. Dove ſei. *(Rodelinda.)*	*Handel.*
Madrigal. Let me, careleſs.	*Linley.*
Chorus. Avert theſe omens. *(Semele.)*	*Handel.*
CONCERTO 4th. *(from his Solos, Op. 4.)*	*Geminiani.*
Chorus. Great is Jehovah. Trio and Chorus. And with Songs.	*Marcello.*
Song. Allor che il vento.	*Haſſe.*
Chorus. The Lord ſhall reign. *(Iſrael in Egypt.)*	*Handel.*

ACT I.

SECOND PART of JUDAS MACCABÆUS.

CHORUS.

FALL'N is the foe.—So fall thy foes, O Lord,
Where warlike Judas wields his righteous ſword.

RECIT. Mrs. HARRISON.

Iſraelitiſh Woman. Victorious hero! Fame ſhall tell,
With her laſt breath, how Apollonius fell,
And all Samaria fled; by thee purſu'd,
Through hills of carnage and a ſea of blood.
While thy reſiſtleſs proweſs dealt around,
With their own leader's ſword, the deathful wound.
Thus too the haughty Seron, Syria's boaſt,
Before thee fell, with his unnumber'd hoſt.

DUET. Mrs. HARRISON and Miſs HANDY, and CHORUS.

Sion now her head ſhall raiſe,
Tune your harps to ſongs of praiſe.

RECIT. Mrs. HARRISON.

Iſraelitiſh Woman. O let eternal honours crown his name;
Judas! firſt worthy in the rolls of fame.
Say, "He put on the breaſt-plate as a giant,
"And girt his warlike harneſs about him:
"In his acts he was like a lion,
"And like a lion's welp, roaring for his prey."

AIR.

From mighty kings he took the ſpoil,
And with his acts made Judah ſmile;
Judah rejoiceth in his name,
And triumphs in her hero's fame. *Da Capo.*

DUET. Mr. HARRISON and Mr. W. KNYVETT, and CHORUS.

Hail! hail! Judea, happy land!
Salvation proſpers in his hand.

RECIT. Mr. HARRISON.

Judas. Thanks to my brethren——but look up to Heav'n;
To Heav'n let glory and all praiſe be giv'n;
To Heav'n give your applauſe;
Nor add the ſecond cauſe,
As once your fathers did in Midian,
Saying, "The ſword of God and Gideon."—
It was the Lord who for his Iſrael fought,
And this our wonderful ſalvation wrought.

AIR.

How vain is man, who boaſts in fight
The valour of gigantic might:—
And dreams not that a hand unſeen
Directs, and guides, this weak machine!
Da Capo.

AIR. Mr. NIELD and Mr. HARRISON, and CHORUS.

Sing unto God, and high affections raiſe,
To crown this conqueſt with unmeaſur'd praiſe.

RECIT. Mr. SALE.

Iſraelitiſh Meſſenger. O Judas, O my brethren!
New ſcenes of bloody war
In all their horrors riſe!
Prepare, prepare,
Or ſoon we fall a ſacrifice
To great Antiochus; from the Ægyptian coaſt,
(Where Ptolemy hath Memphis and Peluſium loſt)
He ſends the valiant Gorgias, and commands
His proud victorious bands
To root out Iſrael's ſtrength, and to eraſe
Ev'ry memorial of the ſacred place.

AIR. Mrs. HARRISON, and CHORUS.

Ah! wretched, wretched Iſrael; fall'n how low!
From joyous tranſport to deſponding woe!

RECIT. Mr. BARTLEMAN.

Simon. Be comforted;—nor think theſe plagues are ſent
For your deſtruction, but for chaſtiſement.
Heav'n oft in mercy puniſheth, that ſin
May feel its own demerits from within,
And urge not utter ruin.——Turn to God,
And draw a bleſſing from his iron rod.

AIR.

The Lord worketh wonders
His glory to raiſe;
As ſtill as he thunders
Is fearful in praiſe.

RECIT. Mr. NIELD.

Judas. My arms! Againſt this Gorgias will I go—
The Idumean governor ſhall know,
How vain, how ineffective his deſign,
While rage his leader, and Jehovah mine.

AIR.

Sound an alarm!——Your ſilver trumpets ſound,
And call the brave, and only brave, around,——
Who liſteth, follow.——To the field again.——
Juſtice with courage is a thouſand men.

Da Capo.

CHORUS.

We hear, we hear the pleaſing dreadful call:
And follow thee to conqueſt—If to fall,
For laws, religion, liberty, we fall.

RECIT. Mr. SALE.

Iſraelitiſh Man. Ye worſhippers of God!
Down, down with the polluted idols, down;
Hurl Jupiter Olympus from his throne,
Nor reverence Bacchus with his ivy crown,
And ivy-wreathed rod.—Our fathers
Never knew him, or his beaſtly crew,
Or knowing, ſcorn'd ſuch idle vanities.

RECIT. Mrs. HARRISON.

Iſraelitiſh Woman. No more in Sion let the virgin throng,
Wild with deluſion, pay their nightly ſong
To Aſhtoreth, yclep't the queen of Heav'n:
Hence to Phœnicia be the goddeſs driv'n;
Or be ſhe, with her prieſts and pageants, hurl'd
To the remoteſt corner of the world;
Ne'er to delude us more with pious lies.

DUET. Mrs. HARRISON and Miſs HANDY.

O never, never bow we down
To the rude ſtock, or ſculptur'd ſtone:
But ever worſhip Iſrael's God,
Ever obedient to his awful nod.

CHORUS.

We never, never will bow down,
To the rude ſtock or ſculptur'd ſtone;
We worſhip God, and God alone.

ACT II.

SONG. Madame BANTI. (RODELINDA.) *Handel.*

DOVE ſei, amato bene?
Vieni l'alma a conſolar.
Son oppreſſa da tormenti,
Ed i crudi miei lamenti,
Sol con te poſſo bear. *Da Capo.*

MADRIGAL.

Mrs. HARRISON, Meſſrs. HARRISON, KNYVETT, BARTLEMAN, and SALE.

T. Linley.

LET me, careleſs and unthoughtful lying,
Hear the ſoft winds above me flying,
With all the wanton boughs diſpute;
And the more tuneful birds replying,
Till my DELIA with her heav'nly ſong
Silence the wanton boughs, and birds that ſing among.

CHORUS. (SEMELE.) *Handel.*

AVERT theſe omens, all ye pow'rs!
Some god, averſe, our holy rites controls;
O'erwhelm'd with ſudden night the day expires!
Ill-boding thunder on the right hand rolls;
And Jove himſelf deſcends in ſhow'rs
To quench our late propitious fires.

CHORUS. *Marcello.*

GREAT is Jehovah and highly to be praiſed.

TRIO. Mr. W. KNYVETT, Mr. HARRISON, and Mr. BARTLEMAN, and CHORUS.

And with ſongs I will celebrate the name of Jehovah moſt high.

SONG, Madame BANTI. *Haſſe.*

ALLOR che il vento freme
Sembra che irata l'onda
Corra a inondar la ſponda
Fugga di ſeno al mar.

Ma giunta al lido appreſſo
Torna nel mare iſteſſo
Placida a ripoſar. *Da Capo.*

CHORUS. (ISRAEL IN EGYPT.) *Handel.*

THE Lord ſhall reign for ever and ever.

RECIT. Mr. HARRISON.

For the horſe of Pharaoh went in with his chariots, and with his horſemen into the ſea. And the Lord brought again the waters of the ſea upon them: but the children of Iſrael went on dry land in the midſt of the ſea.

CHORUS.

The Lord ſhall reign for ever and ever.

RECIT. Mr. HARRISON.

And Miriam the propheteſs, the ſiſter of Aaron, took a timbrel in her hand: and all the women went out after her with timbrels and with dances: and Miriam anſwer'd them.

AIR. Mrs. HARRISON.

Sing ye to the Lord, for he hath triumphed glorioufly:

The horſe and his rider hath He thrown into the ſea.

CHORUS.

The Lord ſhall reign for ever and ever.

DOUBLE CHORUS.

I will ſing unto the Lord, for he hath triumphed glorioufly:

The horſe and his rider hath He thrown into the ſea.

END OF THE FIFTH CONCERT.

DOUBLE CHORUS.

I will sing unto the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously:

The horse and his rider hath He thrown into the sea.

END OF THE FIFTH CONCERT.

(N°. VI.)

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF

LORD GREY DE WILTON.

CONCERT OF ANTIENT MUSIC,

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 14, 1798.

ACT I.

OVERTURE.	*(Pharamond.)*	*Handel.*
Recit. 'Tis Diocleſian's natal.		
Song. Go, my faithful ſoldier.	*(Theodora.)*	*Handel.*
Chorus. And draw a bleſſing.		
Song. Non ſo d'onde.		*Bach.*
Chorus. He ſent a thick.	*(Iſrael in Egypt.)*	*Handel.*
CONCERTO 1ſt.		*Corelli.*
Song. Non vi turbate no.	*(Alceſte.)*	*Gluck.*
Chorus. O God, who in thy.	*(Joſeph.)*	*Handel.*

ACT II.

CONCERTO 2d. Oboe.		*Handel.*
The Paſſions.	*(Solomon.)*	*Handel.*
Song. O magnify the Lord.	*(Anthem.)*	*Handel.*
Chorus. Gloria in excelſis.		*Pergoleſi.*
CONCERTO 3d.	*(from his Trios, Op. 3.)*	*Martini.*
Song. In te ſpero o ſpoſa.		*Haſſe.*
Chorus. How excellent thy name.	*(Saul.)*	*Handel.*

(No. VI.)

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF

LORD GREY DE WILTON.

CONCERT OF ANTIENT MUSIC,

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 14, 1798.

ACT I.

OVERTURE.	(*Pharamond.*)		*Handel.*
Recit.	'Tis Diocletian's natal.		
Song.	Go, my faithful soldier.	(*Theodora.*)	*Handel.*
Chorus.	And draw a blessing.		
Song.	Non so d'onde.		*Bach.*
Chorus.	He sent a thick.	(*Israel in Egypt.*)	*Handel.*
CONCERTO 1st.			*Corelli.*
Song.	Non vi turbate no.	(*Alceste.*)	*Gluck.*
Chorus.	O God, who in thy.	(*Joseph.*)	*Handel.*

ACT II.

CONCERTO 2d. Oboe.			*Handel.*
The Passions.	(*Solomon.*)		*Handel.*
Song.	O magnify the Lord.	(*Anthem.*)	*Handel.*
Chorus.	Gloria in excelsis.		*Pergolesi.*
CONCERTO 3d.	(*from his Trios, Op. 3.*)		*Martini.*
Song.	In te spero o sposa.		*Hasse.*
Chorus.	How excellent thy name.	(*Saul.*)	*Handel.*

ACT I.

RECIT. Mr. BARTLEMAN. (THEODORA.)

Handel.

'TIS Diocleſian's natal day!—
Proclaim throughout the land of Antioch
A feaſt, and ſolemn ſacrifice to Jove!
Whoſo' diſdains to join the ſacred rites,
Shall feel our wrath in chaſtiſement, or death.
And this, Septimus, take you in charge!

SONG.

Go, my faithful ſoldier, go,
Let the fragrant incenſe riſe
To Jove, great ruler of the ſkies.

CHORUS.

And draw a bleſſing down
On his Imperial crown,
Who rules the world below.

SONG. Mr. NIELD. *Bach.*

Non ſo d'onde viene
Quel tenero affetto
Quel moto che ignoto
Mi naſce nel petto;
Quel gel che le vene
Scorrendo mi và
Sono a deſtarmi
Sì fieri contraſti,
Non parmi che baſti
La ſola pietà. *Da Capo.*

CHORUS. (ISRAEL IN EGYPT.) *Handel.*

He ſent a thick darkneſs over all the land, even darkneſs which might be felt.

He ſmote all the firſt-born of Egypt: the chief of all their ſtrength.

But as for his people: he led them forth like ſheep: He brought them out with ſilver and gold: there was not one feeble perſon among their tribes.

SONG. Madame BANTI. (ALCESTE.) *Gluck.*

Non vi turbate, nò
Pietoſi Dei!
Se a voi m' involerò
Qualche momento.
Anche ſenza il rigor
De voti miei
Io morirò d'amor,
E di contento.

CHORUS. (JOSEPH.) *Handel.*

O GOD! who in thy heav'nly hand
Doſt hold the hearts of mighty kings,
O take thy Jacob and his land
Beneath the ſhadow of thy wings:
Thou know'ſt our wants before our pray'r,
Then let us not confounded be;
Thy tender mercies let us ſhare;
O Lord! we truſt alone in thee.

ACT II.

THE PASSIONS.

RECIT. Mr. HARRISON. (SOLOMON.) *Handel.*

SWEEP, ſweep the ſtrings, to ſooth the royal fair,
And rouſe each paſſion to th' alternate air.

AIR and CHORUS.

Muſic, ſpread thy voice around,
Sweetly flow the lulling ſound.

AIR and CHORUS.

Now a different meaſure try,
Shake the dome and pierce the ſky:
Rouse us next to martial deeds.
Clanking arms and neighing ſteeds,
Seem in fury to oppoſe—
Now the hard-fought battle glows.

RECIT. and CHORUS.

Then at once, from rage remove,
Draw the tear from hopeleſs love.
Lengthen out the ſolemn air,
Full of death and wild deſpair;

RECIT.

Next the tortur'd ſoul releaſe,
And the mind reſtore to peace.

AIR and CHORUS.

Thus rolling ſurges riſe,
And plough the troubled main;
But ſoon the tempeſt dies,
And all is calm again.

SONG. Mrs. HARRISON. (ANTHEM.) *Handel.*

O magnify the Lord, and worſhip him upon his holy hill. For the Lord our God is holy.

CHORUS. *Pergoleſi.*

GLORIA in excelſis; Deo gloria
Et in terra pax,
Hominibus bonæ voluntatis.

SONG. Madame BANTI. *Haſſe.*

IN te ſpero o ſpoſo amato,
Fido a te la ſorte mia,
E per te qualunque ſia,
Sempre cara a me sàra.

Perche a me nel morir mio.
Il piacer non ſia negato,
Di vantar che tua ſon io,
Il morir mi piacerà. *Da Capo.*

CHORUS. (SAUL.) *Handel.*

HOW excellent thy name, O Lord!
In all the world is known!
Above all heavens, O King! ador'd,
How haſt thou ſet thy glorious throne.

AIR. Mrs. HARRISON.

An infant rais'd by thy command,
To quell thy rebel foes,
Could fierce Goliath's dreadful hand
Superior in the fight oppoſe.

TRIO.

Along the monſter Atheiſt ſtrode,
With more than human pride;
And armies of the living God
Exulting in his ſtrength defy'd.

SEMI-CHORUS.

The youth inſpir'd by thee, O Lord!
With eaſe the boaſter ſlew;
Our fainting courage ſoon reſtor'd,
And headlong drove that impious crew.

CHORUS.

How excellent thy name, O Lord!
In all the world is known!
Above all heavens, O King! ador'd,
How haſt thou ſet thy glorious throne.

HALLELUJAH!

END OF THE SIXTH CONCERT.

(No. VII.)

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF

His Grace the DUKE of LEEDS.

CONCERT OF ANTIENT MUSIC,

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 21, 1798.

ACT I.

OVERTURE and MARCH.	*(Scipio.)*	*Handel.*
Song and Chorus. The trumpet's.	*(Dryden's Ode.)*	*Handel.*
Song. What, though I trace.	*(Solomon.)*	*Handel.*
CONCERTO 11th. Grand.		*Handel.*
Recit. The people at. / Song. He was brought.	*(Redemption.)*	*Handel.*
Trio. Hither turn thee.	*(Judgment of Paris.)*	*Arne.*
Song. L'augelletto.		*Piccini.*
Chorus. For unto us a child. / PASTORAL SYMPHONY. / Recit. There were ſhepherds. / Chorus. Glory to God.	*(Meſſiah.)*	*Handel.*

ACT II.

CONCERTO.		*Corelli.*
Duet and Chorus. Caro bella.	*(Julius Cæſar.)*	*Handel.*
Song. Un coſi grand' ardire.		*Graun.*
CONCERTO 4th. Op. 4.		*Aviſon.*
Chorus. Righteous Heaven.	*(Suſanna.)*	*Handel.*
Song. Io di mia man.		*Haſſe.*
Song. Verdi prati.	*(Alcina.)*	*Handel.*
Chorus. From the cenſer.	*(Solomon.)*	*Handel.*

(No. VII.)

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF

His Grace the DUKE of LEEDS.

CONCERT OF ANTIENT MUSIC,

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 21, 1798.

ACT I.

OVERTURE and MARCH.	(Scipio.)	Handel.
Song and Chorus. The trumpet's.	(Dryden's Ode.)	Handel.
Song. What, though I trace.	(Solomon.)	Handel.
CONCERTO 11th. Grand.		Handel.
Recit. The people at.	(Redemption.)	Handel.
Song. He was brought.		
Trio. Hither turn thee.	(Jugement of Paris.)	Arne.
Song. L'augelletto.		Piccini.
Chorus. For unto us a child.	(Messiah.)	Handel.
PASTORAL SYMPHONY.		
Recit. There were shepherds.		
Chorus. Glory to God.		

ACT II.

CONCERTO.		Corelli.
Duet and Chorus. Caro bella.	(Julius Cæsar.)	Handel.
Song. Un cosi grand' ardire.		Graun.
CONCERTO 4th. Op. 4.		Avison.
Chorus. Righteous Heaven.	(Susanna.)	Handel.
Song. Io di mia man.		Hasse.
Song. Verdi prati.	(Alcina.)	Handel.
Chorus. From the cenfer.	(Solomon.)	Handel.

ACT I.

SONG. Mr. NIELD, and CHORUS.

(DRYDEN'S ODE.) *Handel.*

THE trumpet's loud clangor
Excites us to arms,
With ſhrill notes of anger
And mortal alarms;
The double, double beat
Of the thund'ring drum
Cries, Hark! the foe's come,
Charge, charge! 'tis too late to retreat.

SONG. Miſs HANDY. (SOLOMON.) *Handel.*

WHAT though I trace each herb and flow'r
That drinks the morning dew;
Did I not own Jehovah's pow'r,
How vain were all I knew!

RECIT. Mr. BARTLEMAN. (REDEMPTION.)

Handel.

THE people at Jeruſalem, and their rulers, becauſe they knew him not, nor yet the voices of the prophets, which were read every Sabbath-day, they have fulfilled them, in condemning him.

SONG.

He was brought as a lamb to the ſlaughter, and as a ſheep to the ſacrifice, yet he opened not his mouth.

When he was reviled, he reviled not again; when he ſuffered, he threatened not, but committed himſelf to him that judgeth righteouſly.

Da Capo.

TRIO. Mrs. HARRISON, Miſs HANDY, and Maſter CRAVEN.

(JUDGMENT OF PARIS.) *Arne.*

HITHER turn thee, gentle ſwain,
Turn to me, for I am ſhe.

They will deceive thee,
I'll never leave thee.

SONG. Madame BANTI. *Piccini.*

L'AUGELLETTO in lacci ſtretto
Perche mai canter s'aſcolta?
Perche ſpera un' altra volta
Ritornare in libertà

Nel conflitto ſanguinoſo
Quel guerrier perchè non geme?
Perchè gode colla ſpeme
Quel ripoſo che non hà!

CHORUS. (MESSIAH.) *Handel.*

FOR unto us a Child is born, unto us a Son is given, and the government ſhall be upon his ſhoulder: and his name ſhall be called Wonderful, Counſellor, the Mighty God, the Everlaſting Father, the Prince of Peace.

RECIT. Mrs. HARRISON.

There were ſhepherds, abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night.

RECIT. accompanied.

And lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord ſhone round about them, and they were ſore afraid:

RECIT.

And the angel ſaid unto them, Fear not; for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which ſhall be to all people: for unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Chriſt the Lord.

RECIT. accompanied.

And ſuddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly hoſt, praiſing God, and ſaying,

CHORUS.

Glory to God in the higheſt, and peace on earth, good will towards men.

ACT II.

DUET. Mrs. HARRISON and Miſs HANDY.

(JULIUS CÆSAR.) *Handel.*

Cleo. } *Caro.*
Ces. } *Bella.*

PIÙ amabile beltà
Mai non ſi troverà
Del tuo bel volto.

In me } Non ſplenderà
In te } Ne amor ne fedelta.

Da te }
Da me } Diſciolto. *Da Capo.*

CHORUS.

Ritorni ormai del nottro core
La bella Gioia ed'il piacer.
Sgombrato è il ſen d'ogni dolore
Ciaſcun ritorni ora a goder.

DUET.

UN bel contento il ſen gia ſi prepara
Se tu ſarai conſtante ogn'or per me,
Coſi ſorti dal cor la doglia amara
E ſol vi reſta amor, Coſtanza, è fè.
Da Capo Chorus.

SONG. Mr. HARRISON. *Graun.*

UN coſi grand' ardire
M'anima eſpinge all' ire
L'audace morira.
Le leggi ſe un indegno
Oſa ſprezza d'un regno
Giuſtizia e crudelta. *Da Capo.*

CHORUS. (SUSANNA.) *Handel.*

RIGHTEOUS Heaven beholds their guile,
And forbears his wrath awhile.
Yet his bolt ſhall quickly fly,
Darted through the flaming ſky.
Tremble, Guilt, for thou ſhalt find
Wrath divine outſtrips the wind.

SONG. Mrs. HARRISON. *Haſſe.*

IO di mia man la fronte
T' adornerò d'allori.

Terger nei bei ſudori
Io di mia man ſaprò,
Piane le vie ſcoſceſe,
Certe le dubbie impreſe,
Piacevoli gli affanni
Sempre ti renderò. *Da Capo.*

SONG. Madame BANTI. (ALCINA.) *Handel.*

VERDI prati, e ſelve amene
Perderete la beltà.
Vaghi fior, correnti rivi,
La vaghezza, la bellezza
Preſto in voi ſi cangerà.
E cangiato il vago oggetto.
All'orror del primo aſpetto
Tutto in voi ritornerà. *Da Capo.*

CHORUS. (SOLOMON.) *Handel.*

FROM the cenſer curling riſe
Grateful incenſe to the ſkies;
Heaven bleſſes David's throne,
Happy, happy Solomon.

DOUBLE CHORUS.

Live, live for ever, pious David's ſon;
Live, live for ever, mighty Solomon!

END OF THE SEVENTH CONCERT.

(N°. VIII.)

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF

The EARL of CHESTERFIELD.

CONCERT OF ANTIENT MUSIC,

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 28, 1798.

ACT I.

OVERTURE. *(Berenice.)* *Handel.*

Chorus. Come, mighty Father. *(Theodora.)* *Handel.*

Madrigal. Sola ſoletta. *G. Converſo.*

Recit. Alma del.
Song. Piangerò la ſorte. } *(Julius Cæſar.)* *Handel.*

CONCERTO 2d. *Corelli.*

Recit. It muſt be ſo.
Song. Pour forth no more.
Chorus. No more to Ammon's. } *(Jephthah.)* *Handel.*

Song. Thou didſt blow. *(Iſrael in Egypt.)* *Handel.*

Recit. Such Jephthah was.
Chorus. When his loud voice. } *(Jephthah.)* *Handel.*

ACT II.

OVERTURE.
Recit. accomp. Comfort ye.
Song. Every valley.
Chorus. And the glory. } *(Meſſiah.)* *Handel.*

Trio. Qui tollis. *Leo.*

CONCERTO 1ſt. Op. 3. *Geminiani.*

Song. Grazie agl'inganni tuoi. *Metaſtaſio.*

Chorus. See from his poſt. *(Belſhazzar.)* *Handel.*

Song. Odi grand' ombra. *De Maio.*

Recit. ac. But bright Cecilia.
Chorus. As from the pow'r. } *(Dryden's Ode.)* *Handel.*

(No. VIII.)

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF

The Earl of CHESTERFIELD.

CONCERT OF ANTIENT MUSIC.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 28, 1798.

ACT I.

OVERTURE. (Bonaire.) Handel.

Chorus. Come, mighty Father. (Theodora.) Handel.

Madrigal. Sola soletta. G. Converso.

Recit. Alma del.
Song. Piangerò la sorte. } (Julius Cæsar.) Handel.

CONCERTO ad. Corelli.

Recit. It must be so.
Song. Pour forth no more.
Chorus. No more to Ammon. } (Jephthah.) Handel.

Song. Thou didst blow. (Israel in Egypt.) Handel.

Recit. Such Jephthah was.
Chorus. When his loud voice. } (Jephthah.) Handel.

ACT II.

OVERTURE.

Recit. accomp. Comfort ye.
Song. Every valley.
Chorus. And the glory. } (Messiah.) Handel.

Trio. Qui tollis. Leo.

CONCERTO, sit. Op. 3. Geminiani.

Song. Grazie agl'inganni tuoi. Metastasio.

Chorus. Sex from his post. (Belshazzar.) Handel.

Song. Odi grand' ombre. De Maio.

Recit. ac. But bright Cæcilia.
Chorus. As from the pow'r. } (Dryden's Ode.) Handel.

ACT I.

CHORUS. (THEODORA.) *Handel.*

COME, mighty Father, mighty Lord,
With love our ſouls inſpire,
While grace and truth flow from thy word
And feed the holy fire.

MADRIGAL.

Mrs. HARRISON, Miſs HANDY,
Meſſrs. KNYVETT, HARRISON, & BARTLEMAN.

G. Converſo.

SOLA, ſoletta io me ne vo cantando,
Ed ho via il core più freddo che giaccio;
E vo' d'amor ſpregiando ogni ſuo laccio.

RECIT. Madame BANTI. (JULIUS CÆSAR.)
Handel.

ALMA del gran Pompeo.
Che al cener ſuo d'intorno,

Inviſibil t'aggiri,
Fur ombra i tuoi trofei,
Ombra la tua grandezza, e un' ombra ſei.
Coſi termina al fine il faſto umano;
Jer, chi vivo occupò un mondo in guerra,
Oggi rivolto in polve un urna ſerra:
Tal di ciaſcuno, ahi laſſo!
Il principio è di terra, e il fine un ſaſſo.
Miſera vita! o quanto è fral tuo ſtato!
Ti forma un ſoffio, e ti diſtrugge un ſiato.

SONG.

Piangerò la ſorte mia
Si crudele e tanto ria
Finchè vita in petto avrò:
Ma poi morta, d' ogni intorno
Il tiranno e notte e giorno,
Fatta ſpettro, agiterò.
Piangerò, &c. *Da Capo.*

RECIT. Mr. BARTLEMAN. (JEPHTHAH.)

Handel.

IT muſt be ſo: or theſe vile Ammonites
(Our lordly tyrants now theſe eighteen years)
Will cruſh the race of Iſrael.——
Since heaven vouchſafes not, with immediate choice,
To point us out a leader, as before,
Ourſelves muſt chuſe; and who ſo fit a man
As Gilead's ſon, our brother, valiant Jephthah?
True, we have ſlighted, ſcorn'd, expell'd him hence,

As of a ſtranger born; but well I know him;
His generous ſoul diſdains a mean revenge,
When his diſtreſsful country calls his aid:
And, perhaps, Heaven may favour our requeſt,
If with repentant hearts we ſue for mercy.

SONG.

Pour forth no more unheeded prayers
To idols deaf and vain.
No more with vile unhallow'd airs
The ſacred rites profane. *Da Capo.*

CHORUS.

No more to Ammon's God and King,
Fierce Moloch, ſhall our cymbals ring,
In diſmal dance around the furnace blue.
Chemoſh no more
Will we adore
With timbrel'd anthems to Jehovah due.

SONG. Mrs. HARRISON. (ISRAEL IN EGYPT.) *Handel.*

THOU didſt blow with the wind,
The ſea covered them;
They ſank as lead in the mighty waters.

RECIT. Mr. SALE. (JEPHTHAH.) *Handel.*

SUCH, Jephthah, was the haughty King's reply,
No terms but ruin: ſlavery or death.

RECIT. Mr. HARRISON.

Sound then the laſt alarm;
And to the field, ye ſons of Iſrael, with intrepid hearts:
Dependant on the might of Iſrael's God.

CHORUS.

When his loud voice in thunder ſpoke,
With conſcious fear the billows broke,
Obſervant of his dread command:
In vain they roll their foaming tide,
Confin'd by that great power
That gave them ſtrength to roar;
They now contract their boiſt'rous pride,
And laſh with idle rage the laughing ſtrand.

ACT II.

RECIT. accomp. Mr. HARRISON.

COMFORT ye, comfort ye, my people, ſaith your God, ſpeak ye comfortably to Jeruſalem: and cry unto her, that her warfare is accompliſhed, that her iniquity is pardoned.

The voice of him that crieth in the wilderneſs, Prepare ye the way of the Lord: make ſtraight in the deſert a highway for our God.

SONG.

Every valley ſhall be exalted, and every mountain and hill made low: the crooked ſtraight, and the rough places plain.

CHORUS.

And the glory of the Lord ſhall be revealed, and all fleſh ſhall ſee it together; for the mouth of the Lord hath ſpoken it.

TRIO. Mrs. HARRISON, Mr. BARTLEMAN, and Mr. KNYVETT. *Leo.*

QUI tollis peccata mundi, miſerere nobis. Qui tollis peccata mundi, ſuſcipe deprecationem noſtram.

SONG. Madame BANTI. *Parole e Muſica di Metaſtaſio.*

GRAZIE agl'inganni tuoi
Alfin reſpiro o Nice!
Alfin d'un' infelice
Ebber gli Dei pietà.
Sento da' lacci ſuoi,
Sento che l'alma è ſciolta;
Non ſogno queſta volta,
Non ſogno libertà.

Io laſcio un' incoſtante;
Tu perdi un cor ſincero;
Non ſo di noi primiero
Chi s'abbia a conſolar.
So che un sì fido amante
Non troverà più Nice:
Che un' altra ingannatrice
E' facile a trovar.

CHORUS. (BELSHAZZAR.) *Handel.*

SEE from his poſt Euphrates flies,
The ſtream withdraws its guardian wave,
Fenceleſs the queen of cities lies.

SEMI-CHORUS.

Why, faithleſs river, doſt thon leave
Thy charge to hoſtile arms a prey?
Expoſe the lives thou ought'ſt to ſave,
Prepare the fierce invaders way,
And, like falſe man, thy truſt betray?

SEMI-CHORUS.

Euphrates hath his taſk fulfill'd,
But to divine decree muſt yield,
While Babel, queen of cities, reign'd,
Her flood, her guardian, was ordain'd.

SEMI-CHORUS.

Why, faithleſs river, like falſe man,
Thy truſt betray?

SEMI-CHORUS.

Now to ſuperior pow'r give place,
And but the doom of Heav'n obey.

FULL CHORUS.

Of things on earth, proud man muſt own,
Falſehood is found in man alone.

SONG. Mr. NIELD. *De Maio.*

ODI grand ombra, e placati,
Qual flebile concento,

Fan d'Aleſſandro i gemiti,
Al Publico lamento
Che mai non può mentir;
Oimè! che a tante lagrime,
Ai doni, alle preghiere,
Sorde sù gli aſpri cardini,
D'Aide le porte nere,
Più non ſi ſanno aprir!

RECIT. accomp. Mrs. HARRISON.
(DRYDEN'S ODE.) *Handel.*

BUT bright Cecilia rais'd the wonder high,
When to her organ vocal breath was giv'n:
An angel heard, and ſtraight appear'd,
Miſtaking earth for heav'n.

AIR and CHORUS.

As from the pow'r of ſacred lays,
The ſpheres began to move,
And ſung the great Creator's praiſe
To all the bleſt above:
So when the laſt and dreadful hour,
This crumbling pageant ſhall devour,
The trumpet ſhall be heard on high,
The dead ſhall live, the living die,
And muſic ſhall untune the ſky.

END OF THE EIGHTH CONCERT.

(No. IX.)

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF

The EARL *of* UXBRIDGE.

CONCERT OF ANTIENT MUSIC,

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 18, 1798.

ACT I.

OVERTURE. *(Alcina.)* *Handel.*

Chorus. Your harps and cymbals. *(Solomon.)* *Handel.*

Duet. Lo conoſco. *(La Serva Padrona.)* *Pergoleſi.*

Song. For ever bleſſed. }
Chorus. Theme ſublime. } *(Jephthah.)* *Handel.*

CONCERTO 6th. *Geminiani Corelli.*

Duet and Chorus. Fear no danger. *Purcell.*

Song. Thy genius, lo! *Purcell.*

Chorus. Immortal Lord. *(Deborah.)* *Handel.*

ACT II.

CONCERTO 4th. Oboe. *Handel.*

Song. Se poſſono tanto. *S. Bach.*

Song. Tyrants would in. }
Chorus. Tyrants, ye in vain. } *(Athalia.)* *Handel.*

CONCERTO 1ſt. *(from his Solos.)* *Geminiani.*

Song. Grazie agl'inganni tuoi. *Metaſtaſio.*

Portugueſe Hymn. Adeſte fideles.

Song. What paſſion cannot. *(Dryden's Ode.)* *Handel.*

Chorus. Gloria Patri. *(Jubilate.)* *Handel.*

(No. IX.)

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF

The EARL *of* UXBRIDGE.

CONCERT OF ANTIENT MUSIC,

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 18, 1798.

ACT I.

OVERTURE.	(*Alcina*)	*Handel.*
Chorus. Your harps and cymbals.	(*Solomon.*)	*Handel.*
Duet. Lo conosco.	(*La Serva Padrona.*)	*Pergolesi.*
Song. For ever blessed.	(*Jephthah.*)	*Handel.*
Chorus. Theme sublime.		
CONCERTO 6th.		*Geminiani Corelli.*
Duet and Chorus. Fear no danger.		*Purcell.*
Song. Thy genius, lo!		*Purcell.*
Chorus. Immortal Lord.	(*Deborah.*)	*Handel.*

ACT II.

CONCERTO 4th. Oboe.		*Handel.*
Song. Se possono tanto.		*S. Bach.*
Song. Tyrants would in.	(*Athalia.*)	*Handel.*
Chorus. Tyrants, ye in vain.		
CONCERTO 1st.	(*From his Solos.*)	*Geminiani.*
Song. Grazie agl'inganni tuoi.		*Metastasio.*
Portuguese Hymn. Adeste fideles.		
Song. What passion cannot.	(*Dryden's Ode.*)	*Handel.*
Chorus. Gloria Patri.	(*Jubilate.*)	*Handel.*

ACT I.

CHORUS. (SOLOMON.) *Hanael.*

YOUR harps and cymbals ſound
To great Jehovah's praiſe:
Unto the Lord of Hoſts
Your willing voices raiſe.

DUET. Madame BANTI and Mr. BARTLEMAN.
(LA SERVA PADRONA.) *Pergoleſi.*

Ser. LO conoſco a quegli occhietti
Furbi ladri malignetti;
Che ſe ben voi dite nò,
Pur m'accennano di ſi.

Uber. Signorina v'ingannate
Troppo in alto voi volate,
Gli occhi, ed io vidi dicon no,
Ed un ſogno è queſto ſi.

Ser. Ma perche! non ſono bella?
Grazioſa, ſpiritoſa?
Su, mirate leggiadria,
Ve che brio che maeſtà!

Uber. Ah coſtei mi va tentanto
Quanto va che me la ſa.
Ser. Già me par ch'ei va calando
Via ſignore —
Uber. Vanne via.
Ser. Riſolvete —
Uber. Matta ſei
Ser. Son per voi gli affetti miei
E dovrete ſpoſar me.
Uber. Oh che imbroglio egli è per me.

SONG. Mr. NIELD. (JEPHTHAH.) *Handel.*

FOR ever bleſſed be thy holy name, Lord God of Iſrael.

CHORUS.

Theme ſublime, of endleſs praiſe,
Juſt and righteous are thy ways,
And thy mercies ſtill endure,
Ever faithful, ever ſure.

DUET. Mrs. HARRISON and Miſs HANDY, and CHORUS. *Purcell.*

FEAR no danger to enſue,
The hero loves as well as you;
Ever gentle, ever ſmiling,
And the cares of life beguiling. *Da Capo.*
Cupids ſtrew your paths with flowers,
Gather'd from Elyſian bowers. *Da Capo.*

SONG. Mr. BARTLEMAN. *Purcell.*

THY Genius, lo! from his ſweet bed of reſt,
Adorn'd with jeſſamin, and with roſes dreſt;
The pow'rs divine have rais'd to ſtop thy fate,
A true repentance never comes too late.

So ſoon as born, ſhe made herſelf a ſhroud,
The fleecy mantle of a weeping cloud,
And ſwift as thought her airy journey took;
Her hand heav'n's azure gate with trembling ſtruck;
The ſtars did with amazement on her look.

She told thy ſtory in ſo ſad a tone,
The angels ſtart from bliſs and gave a groan.
But, Charles, beware, oh! dally not with Heav'n,
For after this no pardon ſhall be giv'n.

CHORUS. (DEBORAH.) *Handel.*

IMMORTAL Lord of earth and ſkies!
Whoſe wonders all around us riſe;
Whoſe anger, when it awful glows,
To ſwift perdition dooms thy foes.

O grant a leader to our hoſt,
Whoſe name with honour we may boaſt;
Whoſe conduct may our cauſe maintain,
And break our proud oppreſſor's chain.

ACT II.

SONG. Mr. HARRISON. *S. Bach.*

SE poſſono tanto,
Due luci vezzoſe,
Son degne di pianto,
Le furie geloſe,
D'un' alma infelice,
D'un povero cor.

SONG. Mrs. HARRISON. (ATHALIA.) *Handel.*

TYRANTS would, in impious throngs,
Silence his adorer's ſongs;
But ſhall Salem's lyre and lute
At their proud commands be mute?

CHORUS.

Tyrants, ye in vain conſpire;
Wake the lute, and ſtrike the lyre,
Why ſhould Salem's lyre and lute
At their proud commands be mute?

SONG. Madame BANTI. *Parole e Muſica di Metaſtaſio.*

GRAZIE agl'inganni tuoi
Alfin reſpiro o Nice!
Alfin d'un' infelice
Ebber gli Dei pietà.
Sento da' lacci ſuoi,
Sento che l'alma è ſciolta;
Non ſogno queſta volta,
Non ſogno libertà.

Io laſcio un' incoſtante;
Tu perdi un cor ſincero;
Non ſo di noi primiero
Chi s'abbia a conſolar.
So che un sì fido amante
Non troverà più Nice:
Che un' altra ingannatrice
E' facile a trovar.

HYMN ON THE NATIVITY.

The Solo Parts by Mrs. HARRISON, Meſſrs. HARRISON, W. KNYVETT, and BARTLEMAN.

ADESTE fideles, læti triumphantes
Venite in Bethlehem,
Natum videte regem angelorum;
Venite adoremus Dominum.

Deum de Deo, lumen de lumine
Geſtant puella viſcera:
Deum verum, genitum non factum,
Venite adoremus Dominum.

Ergo, qui natus die hodierna.
Jesu tibi sit gloria,
Patris æterni, verbum caro factum;
Venite adoremus Dominum.

Cantet nunc Io! chorus angelorum,
Cantet nunc aula cœlestium;
Gloria in excelsis Deo,
Venite adoremus Dominum.

SONG. Mrs. HARRISON. (DRYDEN'S ODE.) *Handel.*

WHAT passion cannot music raise and quell!
When Jubal struck the corded shell,
His list'ning brethren stood around,
And, wond'ring, on their faces fell
To worship the celestial sound:
Less than a God they thought their could not dwell
Within the hollow of that shell,
That spoke so sweetly and so well.

CHORUS. (JUBILATE.) *Handel.*

GLORY be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost.

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen.

END OF THE NINTH CONCERT.

(No. X.)

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF

LORD VISCOUNT MALDEN.

CONCERT OF ANTIENT MUSIC,

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 25, 1798.

ACT I.

OVERTURE.	*(Semele.)*	*Handel.*
Funeral Anthem.		*Handel.*
Song. Ti parla in ſeno.		*Perez.*
Recit. accomp. Thus ſaith the.	*(Belſhazzar.)*	*Handel.*
Chorus. Sing, O ye heav'ns.		
Recit. O filial piety.	*(Saul.)*	*Handel.*
Song. No, no, cruel father.		
Madrigal. Lady, when I behold.		*Wilbye.*
Song. My Father; ah! me thinks.	*(Hercules.)*	*Handel.*
Recit. See the proud chief.	*(Deborah.)*	*Handel.*

ACT II.

OVERTURE.	*(Occaſional Oratorio.)*	*Handel.*
Song. If guiltleſs blood.	*(Suſanna.)*	*Handel.*
Firſt Movement.	*(Te Deum.)*	*Graun.*
Song. Gentle airs.	*(Athalia.)*	*Handel.*
CONCERTO 2d.		*Ricciotti.*
Song. Ombre larve.	*(Alceſte.)*	*Gluck.*
Chorus. Bleſt be the hand.	*(Theodora.)*	*Handel.*
Recit. Folle è Colui.	*(Ætius.)*	*Handel.*
Song. Naſce al boſco.		
Chorus. O Lord, in thee.	*(Te Deum.)*	*Handel.*

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF

LORD VISCOUNT MALDEN.

CONCERT OF ANTIENT MUSIC,

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 25, 1798.

ACT I.

OVERTURE.	(*Semele.*)	*Handel.*
Funeral Anthem.		*Handel.*
Song. Ti parla in seno.		*Perez.*
Recit. accomp. Thus faith the.	(*Belshazzar.*)	*Handel.*
Chorus. Sing, O ye heav'ns.		
Recit. O filial piety.	(*Saul.*)	*Handel.*
Song. No, no, cruel father.		
Madrigal. Lady, when I behold.		*Willoye.*
Song. My Father; ah! me thinks.	(*Hercules.*)	*Handel.*
Recit. See the proud chief.	(*Deborah.*)	*Handel.*

ACT II.

OVERTURE.	(*Occasional Oratorio.*)	*Handel.*
Song. If guiltless blood.	(*Susanna.*)	*Handel.*
First Movement.	(*Te Deum.*)	*Graun.*
Song. Gentle airs.	(*Athalia.*)	*Handel.*
CONCERTO ed.		*Ricciotti.*
Song. Ombre larve.	(*Alceste.*)	*Gluck.*
Chorus. Bleſt be the hand.	(*Theodora.*)	*Handel.*
Recit. Folle è Colui.	(*Ælius.*)	*Handel.*
Song. Nasce al bosco.		
Chorus. O Lord, in thee.	(*Te Deum.*)	*Handel.*

ACT I.

FUNERAL ANTHEM. *Handel.*

QUARTETTO. Mrs. HARRISON, Mr. HARRISON, Mr. Wm. KNYVETT, & Mr. SALE.

WHEN the ear heard him, then it bleſſed him; and when the eye ſaw him, it gave witneſs of him.

CHORUS.

He delivered the poor that cried, the fatherleſs, and him that had none to help him. Kindneſs, meekneſs, and comfort, were in his tongue: if there was any virtue, and if there was any praiſe, he thought on thoſe things.

QUARTETTO.

His body is buried in peace:

CHORUS.

But his name liveth evermore.

SONG. Madame BANTI. (FARNACE.) *Perez.*

TI parla in ſeno amore
Per l'innocente figlio;
Ma ti favelli al core
L'offeſa maeſtà.
Alla pria che fra ritorte
Sia nel vicin periglio,
Guidalo in braccio a morte;
Queſta è per lui pietà.

RECIT. accomp. Mr. BARTLEMAN.
(BELSHAZZAR.) *Handel.*

THUS ſaith the Lord to Cyrus his anointed,
Whoſe right hand I have holden, to ſubdue
Nations before him: I will go before thee,
To looſe the ſtrong-knit loins of mighty kings,
Make ſtraight the crooked places, break in pieces
The gates of ſolid braſs, and cut in ſunder
The bars of iron. For my ſervant's ſake,
Iſrael my choſen, though thou haſt not known me,
I have ſurnamed thee: I have girded thee:
That from the riſing to the ſetting ſun
The nations may confeſs I am the Lord,
There is none elſe, there is no God beſides me.
Thou ſhalt perform my pleaſure to Jeruſalem,
Saying, "Thou ſhalt be built;" and to the Temple,
"Thy raz'd foundation ſhall again be laid."

CHORUS.

Sing, O ye heavens! for the Lord hath done it:
Earth from thy centre ſhout:
Break forth, ye mountains, into ſongs of joy:
O foreſt, and each tree therein:
Jehovah hath redeemed Jacob,
And glorify'd himſelf in Iſrael.

HALLELUJAH! Amen.

RECIT. Mr. NIELD. (SAUL.) *Handel.*

O FILIAL piety! O ſacred friendſhip!
How ſhall I reconcile you?
Cruel father, your juſt commands I always have obey'd;
But to deſtroy my friend; the brave, the virtuous, the godlike David;
Iſrael's defender, and terror of her foes;
To diſobey you, what ſhall I call it?
'Tis an act of duty to God; to David; nay, indeed to you.

SONG.

No, no, cruel father, no;
Your hard commands I can't obey;
Shall I, with ſacrilegious blow,
Take pious David's life away?
No, no, with my life I muſt defend,
Againſt the world, my beſt, my deareſt friend.

MADRIGAL. *Wilbye.*

LADY, when I behold the roſes ſprouting,
Which clad in damaſk mantles, deck the arbours;
And then behold your lips, where ſweet Love harbours;
Mine eyes preſent me with double doubting.
For, viewing both alike, hardly my mind ſuppoſes
Whether the roſes be your lips, or your lips the roſes.

SONG. Miſs JACKSON. (HERCULES.) *Handel.*

MY father; ah! methinks I ſee
The ſword inflict the deadly wound:
He bleeds, he falls in agony,
Dying he bites the bloody ground.

Peaceful reſt, dear parent ſhade,
Light the earth be on thee laid,
In thy daughter's pious mind,
All thy virtues live enſhrin'd

CHORUS. (DEBORAH.) *Handel.*

SEE the proud chief advances now
With ſullen march and gloomy brow.
Jacob, ariſe, aſſert thy God,
And ſcorn oppreſſion's iron rod.

ACT II.

SONG. Mrs. HARRISON. (SUSANNA.) *Handel.*

IF guiltleſs blood be your intent,
I here reſign it all;
Fearleſs of death, as innocent,
I triumph in my fall:
And, if to fate my days muſt run,
Oh, righteous heav'n! thy will be done!

FIRST MOVEMENT. (TE DEUM.) *Graun.*

CHORUS.

TE Deum laudamus, Te dominum confitemur, Te æternum Patrem, omnis terra, veneratur.

SOLI.

Tibi omnes angeli, Tibi cœli et univerſæ poteſtates: Tibi cherubim et ſeraphim inceſſabili voce proclamant.

CHORUS.

Sanctus, Sanctus, Sanctus, Dominus Deus Sabaoth;
Pleni ſunt cœli et terra majeſtatis gloria tuæ.

SONG. Mr. HARRISON. (ATHALIA.) *Handel.*

GENTLE airs, melodious ſtrains,
Call for raptures out of woe:—
Lull the regal mourner's pains,
Sweetly ſooth her as you flow.
Da Capo.

SONG. Madame BANTI. (ALCESTE.) *Gluck.*

OMBRE! Larve! compagne di morte
Non vi chiedo non voglio pietà
Se vi tolgo l'amato conſorte
Abbandona una ſpoſa fedel
Non mi lagno di queſta mia ſorte
Queſto cambio non chiamo crudel
Ombre! Larve! compagne di morte
Non v'offenda sì giuſta pietà
Forza ignota che in petto mi ſento
M'avvalora mi ſprona al cimento
Di me ſteſſa più grande mi fa.

CHORUS. (THEODORA.) *Handel.*

BLEST be the hand, and bleſt the pow'r,
That, in the dark and dang'rous hour,
Sav'd thee from cruel ſtrife.
Lord! favour ſtill the kind intent,
And bleſs thy gracious inſtrument
With liberty and life.

RECIT. Mr. BARTLEMAN. (ÆTIUS.) *Handel.*

FOLLE è Colui,
Che al tuo favor di fida
Inſtabile fortuna
Pur troppo o ſorte infida.

SONG.

Naſce al boſco in rozza cuna,
Un felice paſtorello,
E con l' aure di fortuna,
Giunge i regni a dominar.
Preſſo al trono in regie faſce
Sventurato un altro naſce,
E fra l'ire della ſorte,
Va gli armenti a paſcolar. *Da Capo.*

SOLO. Mr. NIELD, and CHORUS.

(DETTINGEN TE DEUM.) *Handel.*

O LORD! in thee have I trusted, let me never be confounded.

END OF THE TENTH CONCERT.

(No. XI.)

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF

His Grace the DUKE *of* LEEDS,

For LORD VISCOUNT FITZWILLIAM.

CONCERT OF ANTIENT MUSIC,

WEDNESDAY, MAY 2, 1798.

ACT I.

OVERTURE.		
Recit. This day a ſolemn.	*(Samſon.)*	*Handel.*
Chorus. Awake, the trumpet.		
Recit. Zebul, thy deeds.		
Song. His mighty arm.	*(Jephthah.)*	*Handel.*
Chorus. In glory high.		
Song. Sin not, O King!	*(Saul.)*	*Handel.*
CONCERTO 3d.		*Ricciotti.*
Recit. 'Tis done, thus.		
Song. Heart, the ſeat of.	*(Acis and Galatea.)*	*Handel.*
Recit. & Chorus. From harmony.	*(Dryden's Ode.)*	*Handel.*
Song. Se a librarſi.	*(La Paſſione)*	*Vinci.*
Recit. When he is in his.		
Song. When ſtorms the.	*(Athalia.)*	*Handel.*
Chorus. O Judah! boaſt.		

ACT II.

OVERTURE 5th. Op. 8.		*Martini.*
Opening of the Te Deum.		*Purcell.*
Duet. Joys in gentle trains.	*(Athalia.)*	*Handel.*
Chorus. Envy, eldeſt born of hell.	*(Saul.)*	*Handel.*
Song. When warlike.	*(Occaſional Oratorio.)*	*Handel.*
CONCERTO 6th. Grand.		*Handel.*
Duet and Chorus. I will give thanks.		*Marcello.*
Cantata. Luci degli occhi.		*Pergoleſi.*
Trio. Ye, that in waters glide.		
Chorus. Join voices.		*Galliard.*

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF

His Grace the DUKE *of* LEEDS,

For LORD VISCOUNT FITZWILLIAM.

CONCERT OF ANTIENT MUSIC.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 2, 1798.

ACT I.

OVERTURE.		
Recit. This day a solemn.	(*Samson.*)	*Handel.*
Chorus. Awake, the trumpet!		
Recit. Zebul, thy deeds.		
Song. His mighty arm.	(*Jephthah.*)	*Handel.*
Chorus. In glory high.		
Song. Sin not, O King!	(*Saul.*)	*Handel.*
CONCERTO 9th.		*Rienetti.*
Recit. 'Tis done, thus.	(*Acis and Galatea.*)	*Handel.*
Song. Heart, the seat of.		
Recit. & Chorus. From harmony.	(*Dryden's Ode.*)	*Handel.*
Song. Se a librarsi.	(*La Passione.*)	*Vinci.*
Recit. When he is in his.		
Song. When storms the.	(*Athalia.*)	*Handel.*
Chorus. O Judah! boast.		

ACT II.

OVERTURE 5th. Op. 8.		*Martini.*
Opening of the Te Deum.		*Purcell.*
Duet. Joys in gentle trains.	(*Athalia.*)	*Handel.*
Chorus. Envy, eldest born of hell.	(*Saul.*)	*Handel.*
Song. When warlike.	(*Occasional Oratorio.*)	*Handel.*
CONCERTO 6th. Grand.		*Handel.*
Duet and Chorus. I will give thanks.		*Marcello.*
Cantata. Luci degli occhi.		*Pergolesi.*
Trio. Ye, that in waters glide.		*Gallard.*
Chorus. Join voices.		

ACT I.

RECIT. Mr. HARRISON. (SAMSON.) *Handel.*

THIS day, a ſolemn feaſt to Dagon held,
Relieves me from my taſk of ſervile toil;
Unwillingly their ſuperſtition yields
This reſt; to breathe heav'n's air, freſh-blowing, pure,
And ſweet.——

CHORUS OF THE PRIESTS OF DAGON.

Awake the trumpet's lofty ſound;
The joyful ſacred feſtival comes round,
When Dagon, king of all the earth, is crown'd.

RECIT. Mr. NIELD. (JEPHTHAH.) *Handel.*

ZEBUL, thy deeds were valiant; nor leſs thine, my Hamor, but the glory is the Lord's.

SONG.

His mighty arm, with ſudden blow,
Diſpers'd and quell'd the haughty foe;
They fell before him, as when through the ſky
He bids the ſweeping winds in vengeance fly.

Da Capo.

CHORUS.

In glory high, in might ſerene,
He ſees, moves all, unmov'd, unſeen;
His mighty arm, with ſudden blow,
Diſpers'd and quell'd the haughty foe.

SONG. Miſs HANDY. (SAUL.) *Handel.*

SIN not, O King! againſt the youth
Who ne'er offended you:
Think to his loyalty and truth
What great rewards are due.

From cities ſtorm'd and battles won,
What glory can accrue?
By this the hero beſt is known,
He can himſelf ſubdue.

RECIT. Miſs JACKSON. (ACIS & GALATEA.) *Handel.*

'TIS done; thus I exert my power divine;
Be thou immortal, though thou art not mine.

SONG.

Heart, the ſeat of ſoft delight,
Be thou now a fountain bright;
Purple be no more thy blood,
Glide thou like a cryſtal flood:
Rock, thy hollow womb diſcloſe
The bubbling fountain; lo! it flows
Through the plains he joys to rove,
Murm'ring ſtill his gentle love.

RECIT. Mr. HARRISON. (DRYDEN'S ODE.)
Handel.

FROM harmony, from heav'nly harmony,
This univerſal frame began.

RECIT. accompanied.

When Nature underneath a heap of jarring atoms lay,
And could not heave her head,
The tuneful voice was heard from high,
Ariſe, ariſe, ye more than dead!
Then cold, and hot, and moiſt, and dry,
In order to their ſtations leap,
And Muſic's pow'r obey.

CHORUS.

From harmony, from heav'nly harmony,
This univerſal frame began:
Through all the compaſs of the notes it ran,
The diapaſon cloſing full in man.

SONG. Mrs. HARRISON. (La Passione.)

Vinci.

SE a librarſi in mezzo all' onde
Incomincia il fanciulletto,
Con la man gli regge il petto
Il canuto nuotator.

RECIT. Mr. BARTLEMAN. (Athalia.)

Handel.

WHEN he is in his wrath reveal'd,
Where will the haughty lie conceal'd?

SONG.

When ſtorms the proud to terrors doom,
He forms the dark majeſtic ſcene,
He rolls the thunder through the gloom,
And on the whirlwind rides ſerene.

CHORUS.

O Judah! boaſt his matchleſs law,
Pronounc'd with ſuch tremendous awe;
When tempeſts his approach proclaim'd,
And Sinah's trembling mountain flam'd,
And Judah then his terrors ſaw.

ACT II.

OPENING OF THE TE DEUM. *Purcell.*

WE praiſe thee, O God: we acknowledge thee to be the Lord.

All the earth doth worſhip thee: thee Father everlaſting.

To thee all angels cry aloud: the heavens and all the powers therein.

To thee Cherubin and Seraphin: continually do cry.

Holy, holy, holy: Lord God of Sabaoth.

Heaven and earth are full of the majeſty: of thy glory.

DUET. Miſs JACKSON and Mr. NIELD.

(ATHALIA.) *Handel.*

JOYS, in gentle trains appearing,
Heav'n does to my fair impart;
And to make them more endearing,
I ſhall ſhare them with thy heart.

Softer joys will but deceive me,
Hadſt not thou thy happy part;
O, my deareſt lord, believe me,
Thou ſhalt ſhare them with my heart.

CHORUS. (SAUL.) *Handel.*

ENVY, eldeſt born of hell,
Ceaſe in human breaſt to dwell:
Ever at all good repining,
Still the happy undermining.
God and man by thee infeſted,
Thou by God and man deteſted;
Moſt thyſelf thou doſt torment,
At once the crime and puniſhment.
Hide thee in the blackeſt night,
Virtue ſickens at the ſight;
Hence, eldeſt born of hell,
Ceaſe in human breaſt to dwell.

SONG. Mr. HARRISON.
(OCCASIONAL ORATORIO.) *Handel.*

WHEN warlike enſigns wave on high,
And trumpets pierce the vaulted ſky,
The frighted peaſant ſees his field
For corn an iron harveſt yield.

No paſture now the plain affords,
And rural ſcythes are ſtraighten'd into ſwords;
Be calm, and Heav'n will ſoon diſpoſe
To future good our preſent woes.

DUET. Mrs. HARRISON, & Mr. BARTLEMAN, and CHORUS. *Marcello.*

I WILL give thanks unto the Lord according to his righteouſneſs.

I will ſing praiſes unto the name of the Lord moſt high.

CANTATA. Madame BANTI. *Pergoleſi.*

RECITATIVO.

LUCE degli occhi miei,
Fille adorata! e penſi
E vuoi al mar crudele,
Al vento commetter la tua vita?
E non paventi l'ire
Dell' infido elemento?
Ne' pur ti duole, ingrata!
Me qui laſciar,
Che per te ardo ogn'ora
D'amoroſo deſire?
Ah! ſe tu parti
Io qui morrò dolente
In duro aſpro martire
I giorni meſti, e l'ore;
Dura mercede
Al mio fedele amore.

ARIA.

Ove tu ben mio non ſei
Tutto ſpiace agl'occhi miei
Parmi ſempre notte oſcura
Ne riſplende il ſol per me.

RECIT.

Ma, ſe pure il deſtino
Che tu parta da me,
Fille, ha preſcritto;
Sian, brevi le dimore,
E riedi toſto
A ravvivarmi il core.
Quindi, ſperanza mia,
Fa che de tuoi penſiere
Unico obietti ſia
La mia fè,
La mia pena,
E l'amor mio.
Soſpira anche tal ora
E di, " Oh Dio!
" Foſſe qui meco ancora
" Il mio caro Mirtillo."
Forſe in parte così
Temprar potrei
Fra sì dolci luſinghe
I mali miei.

ARIA.

Concento forſe vivere
Nel mio martir potrei,
Se mai poteſſi credere

Ch'ancor lontan, tu ſei
Fedele all amor mio;
Fedele a queſto cor.
E ſe mai fiamma accendere
Tanto poteſſo il core
Che'l riduceſſe in cenere;
Mio ben, d'un tal' errore
Sarei contento ancor. *Da Capo.*

TRIO. Mrs. HARRISON, Mr. HARRISON, and Mr. BARTLEMAN. *Galliard.*

YE that in waters glide; and ye that walk
The earth, or ſtately tread, or lowly creep,
Witneſs if I be ſilent morn or ev'n,
To hill or valley; fountain, or freſh ſhade,
Made vocal by my ſong, and taught his praiſe.

CHORUS.

Join voices all ye living ſouls: ye birds
That ſinging up to heav'n's gate aſcend,
Bear on your wings, and in your notes his praiſe.

END OF THE ELEVENTH CONCERT.

(No. XII.)

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF

LORD GREY DE WILTON.

CONCERT OF ANTIENT MUSIC,

WEDNESDAY, MAY 9, 1798.

ACT I.

OVERTURE.	*(Ariadne.)*	*Handel.*
Chorus. Cherub and Seraphim.	*(Jephthah.)*	*Handel.*
Song. Where e'er you walk.	*(Semele.)*	*Handel.*
Chorus. He rebuked.	*(Iſrael in Egypt.)*	*Handel.*
Duet. Saldi marmi.		*Steffani.*
CONCERTO 5th.		*Corelli.*
Song. Lord, to thee.	*(Theodora.)*	*Handel.*
Quintetto. Dominus a dextris.		*Leo.*
Recit. If I give thee. Song. Let me wander. Chorus. And young and old.	*(L'Allegro.*	*Handel.*

ACT II.

CONCERTO 1ſt. Grand.		*Handel.*
Duet. O worſhip the Lord.	*(Anthem.)*	*Handel.*
Chorus. By ſlow degrees.	*(Belſhazzar.)*	*Handel.*
Song. Raſſerena il meſto.		*Gluck.*
CONCERTO 4th.		*Geminiani Corelli.*
Song. In ſweeteſt harmony. Chorus. O fatal day.	*(Saul.)*	*Handel.*
Song. Softly ſweet.	*(Alexander's Feaſt.)*	*Handel.*
Coronation Anthem. Zadock the prieſt.		*Handel.*

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF

LORD GREY DE WILTON.

CONCERT OF ANTIENT MUSIC,

WEDNESDAY, MAY 9, 1798.

ACT I.

Overture.	(Ariadne.)	Handel.
Chorus. Cherub and Seraphim.	(Jephthah.)	Handel.
Song. Where e'er you walk.	(Semele.)	Handel.
Chorus. He rebuked.	(Israel in Egypt.)	Handel.
Duet. Saldi marmi.		Steffani.
Concerto 5th.		Corelli.
Song. Lord, to thee.	(Theodora.)	Handel.
Quintetto. Dominus a dextris.		Leo.
Recit. If I give thee.		
Song. Let me wander.	(L'Allegro.)	Handel.
Chorus. And young and old.		

ACT II.

Concerto 1st. Grand.		Handel.
Duet. O worship the Lord.	(Anthem.)	Handel.
Chorus. By slow degrees.	(Belshazzar.)	Handel.
Song. Rasserena il mesto.		Gluck.
Concerto 4th.		Geminiani Corelli.
Song. In sweetest harmony.		
Chorus. O fatal day.	(Saul.)	Handel.
Song. Softly sweet.	(Alexander's Feast.)	Handel.
Coronation Anthem. Zadock the priest.		Handel.

ACT I.

CHORUS. (JEPHTHAH.) *Handel.*

CHERUB and ſeraphim, unbodied forms,
The meſſenger of fate,
His dread command await;
Of ſwifter flight and ſubtler frame
Than lightning's winged flame,
They ride on whirlwinds directing the ſtorms.

SONG. Maſter ELLIOT. (SEMELE.) *Handel.*

WHERE e'er you walk, cool gales ſhall fan the glade,
Trees where you ſit ſhall crowd into a ſhade;
Where e'er you tread, the bluſhing flowers ſhall riſe,
And all things flouriſh where e'er you turn your eyes.

Da Capo.

CHORUS. (ISRAEL IN EGYPT.) *Handel.*

HE rebuked the Red Sea, and it was dried up:
He led them through the deep, as through a wilderneſs.
But the waters overwhelmed their enemies; there was
not one of them left.

DUET. Mr. HARRISON and Madame BANTI.

Steffani.

SALDI marmi che coprite
Del mio ben l'ignuda ſalma
Ch'ogni di, più in mezzo all'alma
La mia fede ſtabilite,
Che ne dite?
Deggio al nuova deſire
Oppor il voſtro gelo
O pur morire?

RECIT. Madame BANTI.

Coſi Fille dicea;
Del ſuo perduto Bene
Rivolto un giorno
Alla bellezza eſtinta.
Viſſella di Fileno
Lunga ſtagione
In fortunati amori
Ma già le bionde ariſte
Quattro volte diviſe
Aveo dal ſuolo
Del curvo Mietetor
La falce adunca;
Da ch' ei ſcendendo a morte
Tra ſolitarj adori
Laſciolla in vita.
Non vantar mai tra tanto
Lacci un crin,
Riſi un labbro,
O ſtrali un ciglio

Onde il ſuo cor
O piagato o invaghito
O avvinto foſſe.
Moſtrolla al fine il caſo
Ne' begli occhi di Tirſi
Del amato Filen
Mille ſembianze:
Onde fatta incapace
Di reſiſter al bel
Ch' amò una volta;
Riſoluta d'amare
Ancora un dì;
Parlando a penſier ſuoi,
Diſſi così;

DUET.

Incoſtanza! e che pretendi?
Amerò ſi, ch' amerò.
So ben io come ſi può
Cangiar amanti,
E non cangiar 'l incende.

SONG. Mr. BARTLEMAN. (THEODORA.)

Handel.

LORD! to Thee, each night and day,
Strong in hope, we ſing and pray;
Though convulſive rocks the ground,
And thy thunders roll around,
Still to Thee, each night and day,
Strong in hope, we ſing and pray.

Da Capo.

QUINTETTO. *Leo.*

Madame BANTI, Mrs. HARRISON,

Meſſrs. KNYVETT, NIELD, and BARTLEMAN.

DOMINUS a dextris tuis confregit in die iræ ſuæ
Regis: judicabit in nationibus, implebit ruinas,
Conquaſſabit capita in terrâ multorum; de torrente
In viâ bibet; propterea exaltabit caput.

RECIT. Mrs. HARRISON. (L'ALLEGRO.)

Handel.

IF I give thee honour due,
Mirth, admit me of thy crew.

SONG.

Let me wander, not unſeen,
By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green;
Where the ploughman, near at hand,
Whiſtles o'er the furrow'd land,
And the milkmaid ſingeth blithe,
And the mower whets his ſcythe;
And every ſhepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale.

Or, let the merry bells ring round,
And the jocund rebecks ſound
To many a youth, and many a maid,
Dancing in the chequer'd ſhade.

CHORUS.

And young and old come forth to play,
On a ſunſhine holiday,
Till the live-long daylight fail.
Thus paſs'd the day, to bed they creep,
By whiſp'ring winds ſoon lull'd to ſleep.

ACT II.

DUET. Mr. NIELD and Miſs JACKSON.

(ANTHEM.) *Handel.*

O WORSHIP the Lord in the beauty of holineſs.

CHORUS. (BELSHAZZAR.) *Handel.*

BY ſlow degrees the wrath of God to its meridian height aſcends,
There mercy long the dreadful bolt ſuſpends,
Ere it offending man annoy:
Long patient, for repentance waits; reluctant to deſtroy.

At length the wretch, obdurate grown,
Infatuated, makes the ruin all his own,
And ev'ry ſtep he takes on his devoted head
Precipitates the thunder down.

SONG. Madame BANTI. *Gluck.*

RASSERENA il meſto ciglio
Non è ver, non vado a morte;
Vò con lieta, e fauſta ſorte
Il mio fato ad incontrar.

SONG. Mrs. HARRISON. (SAUL.) *Handel.*

IN ſweeteſt harmony they liv'd,
Nor death their union could divide;
The pious ſon ne'er left his father's ſide,
But him defending, bravely dy'd:
A loſs too great to be ſurviv'd!
For Saul, ye maids of Iſrael moan,
To whoſe indulgent care
You owe the ſcarlet and the gold you wear,
And all the pomp in which your beauty long has ſhone.

CHORUS.

O fatal day! how low the mighty lie!
O Jonathan! how nobly didſt thou die!
For thy King and People ſlain.

SOLO. Mrs. HARRISON.

For thee, my brother Jonathan,
How great is my diſtreſs,
What language can my grief expreſs?
Great was the pleaſure I enjoy'd in thee,
And more than woman's love, thy wond'rous love to me.

CHORUS.

O fatal day! how low the mighty lie!
Where, Iſrael, is thy glory fled?
Spoil'd of thy arms, and ſunk in infamy,
How can'ſt thou raiſe again thy drooping head?

SONG. Maſter ELLIOT. (ALEXANDER'S FEAST.)

Handel.

SOFTLY ſweet in lydian meaſures,
Soon he ſooth'd the ſoul to pleaſures.

ANTHEM. *Handel.*

ZADOCK the prieſt, and Nathan the prophet, anointed Solomon king: and all the people rejoiced, and ſaid, God ſave the king—Long live the king—May the king live for ever. HALLELUJAH. Amen.

END OF THE TWELFTH CONCERT.

SEVERAL Perſons having thought proper, during the preſent Seaſon, to refuſe paying their Subſcriptions to the Antient Concert, notwithſtanding their Names had remained upon the Liſt of Subſcribers after the Notice given previous to the Cloſe of the laſt Year's Performances, it is found neceſſary to declare, that all Perſons, now Subſcribers to the ſaid Concert, who ſhall omit to ſend a Notice of their Intention NOT TO SUBSCRIBE to the ſaid Concert the enſuing Seaſon, to JOHN KEYSALL, Eſq. No. 15, Upper Gower Street, Bedford Square, previous to the Firſt of January, 1799, will be conſidered as Subſcribers, and called upon as ſuch for their Subſcriptions.

Signed by LEEDS,
CHESTERFIELD,
UXBRIDGE,
MALDEN,
FITZWILLIAM,
GREY DE WILTON.

March 21, 1798.

BRITISH MUSEUM

SEVERAL Persons having thought proper, during the present Session, to refuse paying their Subscriptions to the Ancient Concert, notwithstanding their Names had remained upon the List of Subscribers, after the Notice given previous to the Close of the last Year's Performances, it is found necessary to declare, that all Persons, now Subscribers to the said Concert, who shall omit to send a Notice of their Intention [illegible] to the said Concert the ensuing Season, to JOHN KEYSALL, Esq. No. 13, Upper Gower Street, Bedford Square, previous to the First of January, 1799, will be considered as Subscribers, and called upon to such for their Subscriptions.

Signed by BERIN,
CHESTERFIELD,
UXBRIDGE,
MALDEN,
FITZWILLIAM,
GREY DE WILTON.

March 21, 1798.